



No. 160.—VOL. XIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1896.

SIXPENCE.  
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PEEP-BO!

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAN'S, STRAND.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

The well-founded alarm, excited in many worthy bosoms by the new discovery in photography, must have been intensified by the later developments. I notice that, whenever a scientific prodigy is announced, it is immediately capped by a fresh wonder in another quarter. No sooner does one laboratory rush into print with the parade of its tubes, retorts, or what not, than another laboratory breaks into loud acclaim of its marvellous insight, heedless of the nerves of a simple-minded public. This photography, I would have you mark, is a serious business. Is a man's soul his own? Has he a right to hide the convolutions of his brain from prying inquisitors? These are not random questions, my masters; they touch the very sanctuary of our liberties, threatened by an invasion the like of which has not been seen by mortals. All that your ancestors and mine fought for at Runnymede; they didn't fight, I admit, but this is not the moment for pragmatism; all, I say, that they set down in Magna Charta, or employed some holy clerk to set down for them—handwriting not being, at that time, an accomplishment of the truly great—is as naught compared with what is now at stake. It is not against kings or oligarchies we have now to maintain a freedom consecrated by musty old parchments. It is not the right of citizens to walk with their heads in the air, no armed minion of oppression saying them nay; it is not *habeas corpus*; it isn't even Free Trade, or a moderate indulgence in one's favourite liquor, that is now in peril. It is the immediate jewel of our souls, the soul itself, the very thought that flashes through the brain, or the incapacity of the brain even for the flickering thought; it is the liberty of man to be an idiot, if it so please him, or if it be his natural heritage, without vouchsafing any downright ocular proof of the fact, in addition to what the official inditers of the Queen's English call the usual channels of information!

I am not sure that my consuming wrath and dread permit me to be quite coherent; but let us recapitulate the scientific evidence. First, an Austrian professor has found out how to insinuate photographic rays through deal doors. Stone walls do not asylum make, nor wooden box a cage; for, having penetrated wood, the professor, I presume, will soon find stone no obstacle when he wants to make a picture of something on the other side. Next, Mr. Edison, stung to emulation, announces that he can photograph the living brain. A parlous man, this Edison! Lately, he was for blowing up the whole British Navy. When war was declared between Britain and the United States, Edison was to sit in his laboratory with a map and a set of buttons, and, remarking on the map the position of the British naval squadrons, he was to press the buttons in turn, and send our marines to hear celestial tales. War is happily averted, but that has not checked the maleficent energy of Mr. Edison, who now proposes to disclose your brain and mine to make an American holiday! Nor is that all. A third investigator of sacred mysteries is ready to fit the eye with an apparatus that shall combine the inquisitive properties claimed by his two companions in scientific crime! How can I look the whole world in the face, and owe not any man, if the face is wearing a pair of infernal spectacles which lay bare my inmost secrets? I have a shuddering vision of a pert-looking damsel I met lately at a tea-party, who wore an unadorned circle of plain glass in her right eye. It had not even a black rim to give a decorous edge to its impertinent gaze. And if that young woman's eye-glass should be endowed with the power to impress the exact condition of my brain and its functions on her sophisticated retina, what, I ask again, is to become of privacy?

This is no subject for jesting, my brother. What is the mirth of awaking after dinner to find your adored Susanna, whose eye, in its natural state, is sufficiently troubling, with her patent man-piercer adjusted on her classic nose, just completing her survey of the inadequate and disordered grey matter which performs intermittent duty inside your skull? How are you to convince Susanna of your masculine superiority after that? You can do it now by various methods or masks. There is the mask of reticence; a man holds his tongue while his wife discourses at large; that provokes her, but she believes there is something behind it, some power of thought not bestowed on the feminine mortal. How are you to keep up that fiction when she can see through your head? Or, if you have that flow of ornate and dignified speech by which some men impress their womenkind, quelling rebellion with an adjective the ladies do not know, silencing inquiry with a judicious noun, aromatic of the classics, which the dear things have not studied—how are you to talk again when the new and improved husband-unfolder shows that your stream of eloquence proceeds from no watershed of mind? Do not

tell me that you will buy the most perfect woman-discloser in the market, and turn the tables on Susanna by inspecting *her* brain. Miserable man! don't you see that when the cases are reversed, science is helpless? A man's a man for a' that: but there is no such thing as a woman. Every delightful being we call by that name is at least five hundred of her sex. My poor friend, the moment Susanna finds you on her trail with your patent eye-opening domestic detective, she will turn on the five hundred in rapid succession, till you are reduced to the appalling conviction that you are a polygamist!

I tell you that, if you want to have any peace in your happy home, you must not cherish the idea of retaliation. There is only one thing to be done, and we had better see to it betimes. Let us appeal to our fellow-men to form a league of common defence against the instruments of nefarious invention. Let us find a henpecked professor, and set him to invent a patent brain-protector which shall shroud our grey matter in impenetrable mist whenever the accursed rays of the photographic demon are directed our way. This brain-protector need not be obtrusive, not a pad which Susanna can artfully mislay, not a circle of wafers round the brow, not anything visible, indeed, to a possible enemy. I think our professor must invent a powder to be dropped into a cup of tea, or your wine at dinner, a powder which shall at once cause a vapour to rise to the cranium, and seclude the interior from observation. As you take your tea-cup from your hostess, you slip in the powder—no, the pellet—drink off the soothing beverage, and at once face a roomful of women with the confident assurance that they cannot examine the wardrobe of your mind and say it consists chiefly of pegs. Like the lady in the fairy-tale who, whenever she had reason to dread the ardour of too-impulsive strangers, dropped a magic grain, and was at once transported elsewhere, you can feel sure of abstracting your brain at a given moment from the satirical curiosity of damsels with a single eyeglass.

Of course, we cannot expect the support of men who already let out their heads as unfurnished tenements, or who might just as well put their brains in a pan, and publicly boil them. These are people without any sense of privacy. They positively volunteer their bare walls, which have not even a paper with a fancy pattern, or the dullest picture of memory, to vary the blank monotony. If a placard inscribed, "Nothing inside," were affixed to their foreheads, the advertisement could not be more explicit or indecorous. When a man cannot preserve his emptiness as private property, how can he help us to withstand the incursions of sightseers into the domain which is guarded at least by our self-respect? But we can fortify ourselves with the reflection that, unless society can discover some means of checking the inquisition which threatens us, society will fall to pieces. The most revolutionary aspiration in all literature and politics was uttered by the thoughtless bard who wanted us to be endowed with the power to see ourselves as others see us. It was with some such crazy idea that the philosophers of Laputa opened their heads at the top, and borrowed one another's brains. If you could see yourself, my friend, as I see you, you would lose your own individuality, and take mine in exchange—a barter which would give no pleasure or profit to either. That arrangement, if it were pretty generally adopted, would, at all events, leave society intact; but what social organism can be held together if it be possible for everybody who already delights in nothing so much as a synopsis of his or her neighbour's affairs, to turn inside-out the cells of your brain, picking up the scattered threads of ideas, as prying housemaids piece together the fragments of torn letters in your wastepaper-basket?

Do not flatter yourself that the inspection will be purely physical, and that your brain will reveal no more to an impudent stare than if it were a mere inert mass under a *post-mortem* examination. No, you may depend upon it that the Edisons will never rest till they show the live brains all a-growing and a-blowing like the plants which are proffered you by itinerant horticulturists. And then, in what unity will brethren dwell together, what bonds will hold warm hearts in tender clasp, what will become of trust and confidence, not to mention ordinary civility? What laws will be adequate to cope with an overwhelming mass of involuntarily confessed misdemeanour? What standards of courtesy will be adapted to the proclamation, "We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us"? No doubt, as you suggest, there will be degrees of infamy in this horrid welter of publicity; but with every canon and convention broken down, who will frame a new and elastic set of commandments? Believe me that society exists only by tacit concealment and even fraud—we beguile the things we are by seeming otherwise; so let us haste, my brother, to save society by discovering that brain-protector!



## SWEETHEARTS.

For most London lovers, of the un leisured classes, Sunday is the only day of meeting; and people who at other times can spare no thought from the business of bread-winning, devote the major portion of the seventh day—which, to be sure, is set apart for worship—to the shrine of Cupid. The coster, we know, gives up the Sabbath to the tender passion. Mary Jane, who from Monday morning to Saturday night is merely Mary Jane in cap and apron, is then happy with the milkman of her choice. The pinched, aspiring clerk puts on his Sunday best to meet the fairest girl in all Holloway, and the milliner's apprentice, pale with overwork, hurries, neatly fashionable, to join her Prince, who, Prince to her, is to the callous but a builder's foreman. The youthful navy scrapes off his clay, and leans at his innamorata's door, and, all unconscious, makes with her a picture in some Southwark alley, or, it may be, in the newer shabbiness of a Tottenham back street. The barmaid bristles in her silks to find her swain is late; and the soldier—well, Mars salutes his Venus at the Marble Arch. When all the world was young and thinly peopled, Love had her fane, exclusive, hid in groves. To-day, when millions are dense, and groves are mainly stuccoed passages, her temple is the open air, and her sweet litany is whispered through the crowded streets.

The street, you see, is the poor girl's drawing-room; and, though the frump may scoff and condemn, what, considering metropolitan pressure, can a poor maid do but entertain her lover there? And where, indeed, could she be better chaperoned? If love laughs at locksmiths—though it is not clear why this estimable artisan should receive, rather than another, the arrows of his ridicule—he is certainly indifferent to the weather. They say he's blind, and yet in the macintosh his piercing eyes perceive a special virtue and peculiar grace; the ulster warms him, and he finds a piquant shelter in a hood; the fur cloak yields him snug protection—hides the clasped hands or the arm about a waist, and, from what I see o' Sunday nights, I gather that the perfect ecstasy of the kiss is best realised beneath a dripping umbrella. Albeit one might suppose him, as pictorially presented in his usual habit, to be peculiarly sensitive to cold, yet does he flourish in the snow, while the conjunction of frost and moonshine is to him the peak of satisfaction, since it draws converts by the thousand arm-in-arm to his altars.

The manners and methods of Sunday sweethearts are as various as the stars of heaven. One day, mayhap, some mild-eyed philosopher shall astonish the world with an exhaustive classification of them. At this writing, however, so desirable a contribution to the history of love is still to seek, and, pending its appearance, the most we can do is to present the anxious inquirer with a marginal note upon the idiosyncrasies of prominent types.

'Tis a fact that, in birds of almost every breed, the male it is that boasts the gaudier plumage; and a certain shrewd Professor—, in a charming chapter on the courtship of feathered creatures, informs us that this gorgeousness was originally assumed only at the mating season, and is the outcome, by process of evolution, of his intense desire to shine attractive in the sight of the pullet of his affections. Now, oddly, enough, our Professor's theory of the evolution of marriage is justified of the streets; and no vision is there so obscure as not to behold the bright phenomenon of the vernal woods repeated in some humbler ranks of our Sunday sweethearts. Contrast, for example, the splendour of the Grenadier with the homely dowdiness of the housemaid he escorts; while, should a crested Highlander take the pavement, then not an area is there from Tyburnia to Peckham but shall be aflutter. The soldier is, in truth, the cock pheasant of the genus, and struts and swaggers and inflates his gaudy breast to complete the conquest of his dazzled fair. Then, mark the pearly bravery of the courting coster, who, at Epping—where, by the way, the Eastern sweetheart makes love on swings and in the amazing dance, or disappoints or stirs to jealousy in the ancient comedy of the ring—breasts the human tide, a twinkling argosy of buttons. Here it may be said the donah's nodding plumes confute us. To which the answer is, She is an exception, with a moral. If you think of it, that incredible headgear of hers, from which the imagination of Grosvenor Square revolts, typifies the spirit of the age. You shall trace in it the frantic emulation and that burning righteousness of freedom whose ultimate consummate flower is the New Woman.

But on Sundays, as always, 'tis the eventime that lovers most prefer; and to study them at their sweetest and tenderest you must catch them in the suburbs. It is true that they have been detected of an afternoon languid in the parks or confidential on the garden-seat of an omnibus. Of an afternoon, too, they affect Kew Gardens, where the equatorial heat of the palm-house germinates a crisis. Every suburb has its love lane, which on summer Sabbath evenings is a close community of love, wherein linked couples walk in amorous files oblivious of each other, or, if not oblivious, then sympathetically regardless, for does not a fellow-feeling make us wondrous kind? Even the County Council has been mindful of the lover, for has it not provided benches on angular suburban greens, where they may and do sit embraced from dusk to midnight, whispering we know not what of wild and sweet?

Yet do they quarrel, they reproach and plead or walk apart in silence, and sometimes in the unfrequented ways you hear the voice of anger, and in the passionate tones discover the keynote of a tragedy. Who shall essay to count and classify these conflicts and disagreements? They are the secrets of the darkness, and only the Sabbath stars can know how many of them end in balm of reconciliatory tears, how many of them signify the parting of the ways, irrevocable separation, hate, deceit, and lifelong grief.

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## "DR. JAMESON'S DASH INTO THE TRANSVAAL."

We have received from the *Illustrated London News* an early copy of a Special Number to be issued in the beginning of next week, which bears the title "Dr. Jameson's Dash into the Transvaal." It is written by Captain Thatcher, who is well known as one of the raiders who, at the end of the conflict, managed to escape and betake himself back to Cape Town. He is mightily indignant at the suggestion that Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby are mere bandits. According to the writer, "it was only Dr. Jameson's chivalrous forbearance that doomed him to defeat when he found the Boers in strong force across his path. Had there been," Captain Thatcher assures us, "an utter disregard of consequences, Jameson would have carried all before him, for he would have come more effectively provided. He came," it is insisted, "only in a friendly way, and with no intention whatever to fight. Behind that shrewd and shaggy exterior," writes the Captain, "which gave you the first impression of a Scotch terrier on



CAPTAIN THATCHER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

the pounce, there was a soul of chivalry which belonged to a much older time—to days when men did, in pure knight-errantry, what they do now for much more prosaic ends. To paint such a man as a mere filibusterer, as the agent of a conspiracy to oust the Boers and steal their property, is a libel which, I am convinced, the great majority of 'Dr. Jim's' countrymen at home and in South Africa resent and despise."

However, we will not anticipate to too great an extent by far the most picturesque narrative of the conflict that has yet been given to the public. Suffice to say that the whole publication is magnificently illustrated, not merely by sketches supplied by Mr. Melton Prior, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, and others of eminence, but from sketches by Captain Thatcher himself. The number is published at one shilling, and a very wonderful shilling's worth it makes.

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THE NEW BALLET, "LA DANSE," AT THE EMPIRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS SCOTT (HUNGARIAN).



MR. McFOY AS THE BLACK SERVANT.



MISS MAY PASTON AS ARMAND, AND MR. WILL BISHOP AS THE DANCING-MASTER.



MISS JOHNSON AND MISS LARAMY, IN THE MAZURKA.



## ROUND ABOUT THE THEATRES.

*"THE NEW BARMAID," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.*

What would become of the humbler humorists if the dreams of the teetotaller came true, and, drink being abolished, jests concerning it went out of date? Would they try to make fun about aerated-water orgies and debauches on fruit-drinks? I do not hope that the dreams will ever be quite realised, but I think you can have too much of the drink humours. In "The New Barmaid," something between one minute in four and one in five was spent in dealing with drink humours, and, really, you can have too much of a bad thing.

One thing surprises. They have been trying "The New Barmaid" on the dog—I apologise for an unflattering popular phrase—taking it to the provinces, and yet it is not nearly licked into shape. "Trying it on the dog" is a good policy in case of poison, but you can gain no useful information from the dog's approbation, only from his disapproval; and though, perhaps, matter that did not please Penzance has been cut, and wisely, scenes have been retained because they made a hit in John o' Groat's House which are not quite up to our less provincial taste. Jokes, like fashions, travel slowly from London, despite the telegraph-wires and daily papers.

Possibly I have hinted that "The New Barmaid" has its dull minutes; but when thirty of them have been swept away, there will be a fairly pleasant residuum, which might be worked up into a lively entertainment. There is some excellent matter—it may be that the term is not a happy reference to Miss Lottie Collins. To most of the world, her name merely means "Ta-ra-ra," &c., but really she is an artist who, if possible, should be induced to abandon the halls for the stage. No doubt, at present, there is too much of the artist about her in her mode of isolating herself, and she remembers too often the fact that she has a pretty pair of stockings; but she has life—whenever she was in front the piece seemed lively. Her singing is of a style beyond that of her rivals, for she has the gift of perfectly expressive diction, coupled with a pretty voice, well trained.

Of the principals there is little to be said save that Mr. Brockbank sang well, that Miss Delaporte at times used her voice effectively, and Miss Hunt worked very hard. Yet, although they had very much to do with the piece, they had little to do with the entertainment. Mr. Dallas was very funny in a simple way, and Mr. Shine was amusing; while an excellent piece of acting was done by Mr. Dagnall. Mr. John Crooks' music deserves mention, for it is the best of his that I have heard, and shows a great advance in orchestration. There are passages in it of real humour, and also some very pretty phrasing, and hardly a number is musically dull: the less successful are the sentimental songs, in which there is a poverty of invention, so far as melodies are concerned.

*"JEDBURY JUNIOR," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.*

I grew very unhappy during the first act of the new play: rumour had said that we were to have a work of "Sweet Lavender" style, and even quality. Yet here was a work ultra-farcical in motive, with an orthodox garret-scene, with whisky-and-soda in a teapot, whilst the scent of the overripe herring that often plays lead in farces had come over the footlights. There had been touches of humour, as in the case of Mr. Jedbury senior and his wife, who, not being on speaking terms, employed a vastly diplomatic butler as a medium of conversation; and even Mr. and Mrs. Glibb, that chatterbox woman and silent husband, were neatly treated. Moreover, it was pleasant to have as hero a millionaire's son who wasn't ashamed of "the shop," and wanted to work for his living.

The second act, though it began tamely, soon made amends. It showed that in Mrs. Ryley we have a dramatist who, if not able to make the most out of farcical ideas, can write daintily, can give sentimental scenes that are pretty without being mawkish. In all the scenes between Dora and Jedbury there was hardly a phrase out of keeping. Possibly as much of the effect of these delightful scenes is due to Miss Maude Millett and Mr. Fred Kerr as to the authoress, and other players in the parts might have made some passages seem artificial.

The scene between father and son, when Jedbury senior banishes the latter for what he thinks unworthy conduct, would not stand close examination in the writing, though it is good of its kind. The acting of it is brilliant. Mr. John Beauchamp's exit, showing his silent struggle between wrath and love, proved that his art is higher than one expected. One has seen Mr. Fred Kerr in parts widely different, and each time his work has been so natural as to suggest that he was rather utilising his identity than acting, and might fail in another line. One is tempted to take the same view of his Jedbury junior. It is the pleasantest piece of acting imaginable—so easy that it seems to cost no effort, so nicely calculated that no one could have guessed that he is his own manager. I do not want to tempt Mr. Kerr to rash experiments; but, after his Horace Bream, his Mr. Brown, his snob in "The Dancing-Girl," his prig in "Judah," I feel disposed to think he can act almost any part, and act it brilliantly.

Praising is such pleasant work, I should like to use all my space in speaking of Miss Maude Millett's delightful acting in a difficult part in which, for once, an English girl, such as Trollope drew, is really put on the stage, and yet find space for Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Bellamy, Miss Emily Cross, and Mr. Power. The best thing to do is to advise everyone to go and see them in the charming new piece.

*"ON CHANGE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.*

The chief use of the revival of "On Change" is the bringing back to London of Mr. Felix Morris, an actor whose career has been rather curious. An Englishman by birth, medical student by profession, when quite young he went to America. After a very hard struggle, he got on well enough to be cast for the chief part in the adaptation of Von Moser's "Ultimo," made a hit in the morning performance at Toole's, then earned heartiest praise during the long run—or rather, two runs—of the piece at the Strand and Opéra Comique, and then disappeared. So funny is he as the speculative professor that he makes the audience grin as broadly as the cats of his native county, and it is to be hoped that we shall not lose him again. Since it is announced that Mr. Louis W. Parker is writing a three-act play for Mr. Morris, there is some chance of our retaining him in England.

Of the piece, it may be said at once that it has stood the test of time very well. My memory of it at the Strand, when poor Gerald Moore played the "masher's" part brilliantly, suggests that a good many changes have been made—and wisely. The main idea seems even more pertinent to-day than ten years ago, as at present the gambling mania is fearfully prevalent. The idea that the talent which has won him success, almost fame, will serve Professor Peckering Peck on the Stock Exchange, is good basis for farce, and, luckily, in working it out, the adaptress has not been so technically learned as Mr. Sydney Grundy in his latest play. Taking the chief humours of the work, one may say fairly that there is that combination of curious and sharply contrasted characters, acting consistently, to a great extent, each with his own nature, and producing a logical topsyturvydom, which is true farce. One could wish that the part of Mr. Farren were played with a little less self-consciousness—however, his acting is most effective.

Of the four lovers, two remain in their old parts, and it need hardly be said that Mr. Yorke Stephens and Miss Eweretta Lawrence have improved since 1885. Mr. Scott Buist, in Mr. Shelton's old part, shows the clever sense of character which made his George Tesman remarkable. Miss Alice Mansfield acts ingeniously, and Mr. E. H. Kelly is, perhaps, as funny as Gerald Moore in the part of De Haes, although his style is quite different. As always, Mr. James Welch makes his part stand out, though, unfortunately, it is but small.

*"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AT OXFORD.*

For the second time in its history, the Oxford University Dramatic Society has had recourse to a revival of one of its past successes. In 1895 "The Merchant of Venice" was reproduced, and this year "The Merry Wives of Windsor," one of the most notable of the Society's former representations, has been repeated, partly, no doubt, by reason of the presence in the cast of Mr. James Hearn, whose embodiment of the knight that Shakspeare drew was sure to be an interesting one. After an interval of eight years the delightful comedy has once more been running gaily on the boards of the Oxford Theatre, amid much enthusiasm. The production was, indeed, quite noteworthy in the annals of Shaksperian revivals by reason of its admirable completeness and harmony of effect. There was hardly any of that flabbiness in the minor parts which has sometimes marred the excellence of the Society's endeavours, and the element of a too-boisterous undergraduate mirth had given place to a laudable restraint and an artistic sense of proportion.

The ensemble of the acting was, at the same time, admirably spirited, and reflected the highest credit on Mr. G. R. Foss, whose services the Society had fortunately secured. Among the individual performances there was much that deserved commendation. Mr. Hearn's Falstaff was a remarkable achievement for so young an actor. Mr. Hearn played with an unctuous humour that had quite an Elizabethan flavour about it, and never degenerated into buffoonery. Moreover, he endowed the knight with a certain distinction that redeemed him from utter degradation, and gave glimpses of the gentleman who, for all his roistering ways, had been the boon companion of a prince, and was not, in his latter days, without some finer instincts. Falstaff's sudden flash of dignity when Ford first offers him money was most effectively given. Mr. Croker King, stepping aside from the romantic parts, such as Pygmalion and Bassanio, in which he first won his spurs, scored a great success in the rôle of Slender. The vapid coxcomb was sketched with many subtle touches of fantastic comedy that delighted the audience. His wooing of Anne Page was very quaint. In the regrettable absence of Mr. Playfair, the part of Dr. Caius was played with much spirit by Mr. W. M. Woodward, who was well supported by Mr. Lee as Sir Hugh Evans. The scenes of the duel and reconciliation were capitally rendered by both performers. As the jealous Ford, Mr. F. Stevens played with a force and intensity which were very convincing. Mr. Rubens was effective as Shallow, and Viscount Suidale was sufficiently robust as the genial host of the Garter. Mr. Waterfield looked handsome as Fenton, but did not make much of the part. Mr. Belcher's Bardolph was the best of the minor character-sketches. The ladies rendered most loyal assistance. Miss Leila Carford was delightfully arch and mischievous as Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. H. W. Rutty played with charm and spirit as Mrs. Page. Miss Lilian Braithwaite was a winsome Anne Page, and Mrs. Copleston won much applause by the quaint humour of her Mrs. Quickly. The scenery was very picturesque, and an amateur orchestra, conducted by Mr. Snagge, discoursed an appropriate selection of music during the performance, Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music adding to the charm of the masque in the last act. The decorative quality of Mr. C. Ffoulkes' design for the programme should not go unrecorded.





MISS JULIA KENT.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen arrives at Windsor to-morrow. The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York was christened at Sandringham on Monday. Princess Beatrice left Osborne on Thursday to join her four children at Nice.

Although not as explicitly stated as was desirable in the *London Gazette* at the time, the increase of the personal salute by two guns of the Maharaja of Jaipur, or Jeypore, really formed part of the Chitral honours, as it was conferred on his Highness in recognition of the



THE MAHARAJA OF JAIPUR, G.C.S.I.  
Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann.

excellent service rendered by his pony-transport battalion during that campaign. The Maharaja took a high place as an intelligent and well-disposed Prince before this service, for which his salute—seventeen guns for the State and four guns for him personally—has been raised to twenty-one guns, the highest number accorded, placing him on a level with the great rulers of Hyderabad, Mysore, and Baroda. Jaipur is the richest and most populous of the States of Rajputana, the home of the noble Rajputs, whom Tod rightly styled "the Normans of India." Its chiefs took a leading part under the most famous Emperors of the Mogul Dynasty of Delhi, and Raja Man Singh of Jaipur was the ablest of all the Mogul commanders, and conquered the Deccan for his brother-in-law, the Emperor Jehangier. The princely

ancestors, while he has shown himself a very able and conscientious administrator, according to modern ideas, in the affairs of his large and prosperous principality. Born in the year 1861, he is in the prime of life, and what he has already done is only an earnest of what will follow in the task of raising his subjects to a high point of prosperity and contentment. Among his other achievements must be named the great celebration at Jaipur in 1883, when he displayed the artistic wealth of his State in an exhibition that attracted much attention throughout India. None of our Indian feudatories has paid more attention to the training of his corps for Imperial service than the Jaipur ruler; and the result was made apparent during the recent campaign against Chitral.

I am glad to see that Prince Henri d'Orléans has arrived safely at Calcutta. During some weeks the plucky French Prince was supposed to be lost in the wilds of Tonkin. "Monseigneur" is a good-looking, high-spirited young fellow, and there is not a Legitimist in France who would not wish to see him in the place of the Duc d'Orléans, for he possesses all the qualities lacking in the Comte de Paris' giddy heir. Prince Henri recalls the best type of the French explorer; he is an ardent advocate of colonial expansion, and is one of the few Frenchmen who has written with knowledge and good sense on the Madagascar question. Sad to say, the Prince, at least till lately, shared to the full the Anglophobe sentiments with which so many of his countrymen have lately seemed imbued; but in an article lately published by him he speaks more kindly of what is, after all, the land of his birth, for he was born at Richmond just twenty-nine years ago, and the pretty little Roman Catholic Church at Kingston-on-Thames witnessed the marriage of his father and mother.

The favourite nephew of the Comte de Paris, the Prince-explorer seems to have inherited all the more solid qualities of the elder Orléanist Princes. Like his father, the Duc des Chartres, he is a clear and forcible writer, and, with the aid of copious diaries kept during his travels, he has been able to give very graphic and accurate accounts of all he has seen and observed during his many voyages. Owing to the marriage of his sister to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Prince Henri has found himself more or less connected with the Russian, English, and Greek Courts. There was, at one time, an idea of his taking service in the Russian Army, but his parents very wisely allowed him a voice in the choice of his career; and, in the event of the deaths of the Duc d'Orléans and his brother, France might yet acclaim Henri VI. the wisest and most constitutional representative of the monarchical principle.

The new edition of Debrett's "House of Commons" (Dean and Son) is as interesting and as carefully done as usual. It appears that considerably more than half the members of the present Parliament were born between the years 1841 and 1860, and nearly four-fifths of the whole House between 1831 and 1860, the figures, roughly, being as follows: during the period 1801-10, 1; 1811-20, 5; 1821-30, 50; 1831-40, 144; 1841-50, 211; 1851-60, 165; 1861-70, 69; 1871-80, 6; the ages of the remainder being uncertain.



PRINCE HENRI D'ORLÉANS IN CALCUTTA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED AHRLE, CALCUTTA.



Mr. Purcell, the biographer of Cardinal Manning, has been described as a barrister whose legal advice the late Cardinal sought, and in that way learned to love and trust him, &c. One need not deal with the deduction, for the premise itself is as fictitious as most of the statements made in regard to the Cardinal's relations with the biographer and the biography. Mr. Purcell is not a Member of the Bar, nor in any way connected with the law, unless it be as defendant in an action the executors of the late Cardinal are now bringing against him to restrain him from publishing other documents they trusted to his discretion.

The Aquarium is certainly a wonderful place—at present it is unusually so. There is Chevalier Cliquot, who is a wonderful man. He swallows twenty-one inches of cavalry sabre as a *pièce de résistance*, a bayonet weighted with dumb-bells as an *entrée*, and fourteen sword-bayonets at one mouthful for dessert, timed by a watch swallowed and heard ticking in the man's inside. Then there's Frank Weston. Some of us may remember the name of Weston in connection with the cuirass agitation of 1894. The brilliant rifle-shot, accompanied by a very clever markswoman, "Mdlle. Diana," is now shooting, with a Lee-Metford rifle, at a cuirass containing a small, shiftable, nickel-steel plate. But this performance, though interesting from one point

that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, because Shakspeare spelt his name in several ways. An Elizabethan who had not made up his mind how to spell his name could not, suggested Mr. Astor, be regarded as the author of "Hamlet." This provoked Mr. Andrew Lang to remark that gentlemen who write "in a library" ought to take the trouble to read the books. Still, Mr. Astor's views of literature in the *P.M.G.* might have been piquant. I am disappointed that he has not risen to his opportunity.

Mr. Cust, on his first free day from the paper, had the condolences of all the Carlton Club, thronged with members just arrived in town to attend Parliament. If praises of his ended editorship could be any balm to him, he had them in every corner and corridor, upstairs and down. All the more pity is it, perhaps, that, in his letter of defence in the *Times*, Mr. Cust quotes Mr. Astor's praise of the *Budget*, dead and gone, to cover Mr. Astor's criticisms of the living *Gazette*. Let Mr. Cust stand by his *Gazette*, of which he was the working editor, and by it be judged. If there are praises over and above to spare for the *Budget*, Mr. Cust is rich enough to pass these posthumous honours on to Mr. Lewis Hind, the working editor of the defunct organ, which was to teach the pace (says Mr. Astor) to all its rivals, and is at a full-stop now. For me, I confess, it is a straitened *Pall Mall* indeed which has no "Occ. Verses"



WONDERS AT THE AQUARIUM—CLIQUOT, THE SWORD-SWALLOWER, AND FRANK WESTON, THE RIFLE-SHOT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

of view, does not seem to "fetch" the public as do the William Tell feats which follow, and which include shooting a tiny ball placed on his fair companion's head, aiming at objects through rings held by Mdlle. Diana between her fingers, and, finally, hitting, with a brace of pistols, two balls placed on her head, the lady standing at the back of the stage, and Weston in the balcony, over the heads of the audience, a distance of some two hundred feet.

I cannot say that the new *Pall Mall* is at all to my liking. It has become lamentably sober and decorous; there is not a scintilla of the old impertinence. Where be your gibes now? To this deadly complexion the *P.M.G.* has come at last, and I am sorry for it. I did hope that before Mr. Cust went out he would give us a last flare of the classical punster. A valedictory leader headed "De Custibus non Disputandum" would have been eminently suitable to the case. I don't lay any blame on Sir Douglas Straight, who has taken temporary charge of the paper. Having been a judge, he is scarcely at home in an editorial chair just vacated by a nonchalant humorist. Why did not Mr. Astor take the chair himself? He is a literary man as well as a millionaire. He writes tales of mediæval crime. I remember a novel of his in which Cæsar Borgia was bloody, bold, and resolute. Why does not Mr. Astor sit in the chair of the *P.M.G.*, and give us a taste of Cæsar B.'s quality? Instead of the punning leader, we might have the melodramatic article, full of cups of cold poison, stilettoes, and what not. Then Mr. Astor is a critic. He has written articles "in a library" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. One of them, I remember, essayed to show

in it; and in place of these, on the second day of Sir Douglas's doing, was a poem by Sir Lewis Morris! Mr. Cust beheld it, and had a smile of genuine joy and triumph.

Among the "places" which abound in the picturesque neighbourhood of Stoke d'Abernon, Leatherhead, and Dorking, few, if any, possess the peculiar advantages of Woodlands Park, which the executors of the late Mr. Frederick Bryant have just sold to Mr. Martin D. Rucker, whose energy and ability have made the great "Humber" combination what it is to-day. The mansion-house (built only sixteen years ago) is one of the finest in the whole county, and the estate includes, among other attractions, a large and perfectly arranged model farm. Under Mr. Rucker's management, the meets of the Surrey Farmers' Stagbonds have become immensely popular, and the kennels will shortly be removed to Woodlands, which is in the centre of the country hunted by the S.F.S.

The Healthy and Artistic Dress Union propose to give an entertainment of living pictures of a somewhat novel and interesting character. The series will illustrate dress in the past, present, and future, and will be given in St. George's Hall during the second week in May. The entertainment will be under the direction of Mr. Henry Holiday, assisted by Mr. Walter Crane, Mrs. Louise Jopling, Mr. Lasenby Liberty, and Mr. G. A. Storey. The programme will include scenes in ancient Egypt and Greece, mediæval Italy, eighteenth-century and modern England, and original designs. The tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., may be had of Miss Amy Theobald, 32, Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, N.



If Mr. Arthur Alexander's burlesque of the theatre-hat has impressed its heartless wearers, pantomime shall not have been in vain.

I hear that the Easter-Day Service at St. Paul's this year will be an exceptionally interesting function. On that day the mosaics on which Mr. Richmond has been so hard at work in the dome will be displayed to the public. Those, however, who are not provided with field-glasses (and, I suppose, it is hardly the thing to take these useful instruments to

are decidedly in favour of the truth of its description as "one of the most quiet and picturesque" thoroughfares in Greater London. In the days of my youth the memorialists would have derived a strong support from a dweller in The Grove who resided close to me, no less an authority on picturesque scenery than Mr. William Black, the novelist; and well I remember how, in one of his numerous stories—I regret to say I cannot recall which—he sang the praises of the long, well-wooded slope, comparing it, if my memory does not betray me, to Chamounix, and not entirely to the advantage of that celebrated Swiss—or is it French?—resort.



MR. ARTHUR ALEXANDER IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.  
Photographs by Hana, Strand.

Divine worship) will only see at the great height a general scheme of colour. All the fine and varied detail will be invisible to the naked eye. Mr. Richmond's mosaic, it is interesting to learn, is not the Italian composition so familiar to Londoners. It is a mosaic of opaque glass, made in the Metropolis. Another interesting feature of these mosaics is that they do not present, as is usually the case, a flat surface. The artist has discovered that certain colours take the light, while others seem sunk in shadow, and he has therefore arranged his materials, as regards their prominence, in such a manner as to take advantage of these peculiarities. The general effect, I am told, is a vast improvement on the perfectly flat surface.

St. Mary Woolnoth is the latest of the City churches round which wages the fierce war of sentimentalists *versus* utilitarians. This handsome building, which is destined by the last-mentioned of the combatants to make way for a railway-station, is considered the best work of the architect, Hawksmoor, a pupil of Wren and a contemporary of Gibbs, who designed St. Martin's, which was finished in 1726, at a cost of £37,000. St. Mary Woolnoth was completed in 1719, and it is stated by authorities that the exterior exhibits both the faults and the excellences of its creator. It has something of the heaviness common both to him and his sometime associate, Vanbrugh, but has also the air of magnificence that belongs to both, with harmonious simplicity of decoration. The interior has been pronounced as "sumptuously beautiful," with a "classical simplicity and harmony of plan." Hawksmoor's work, by the way, did not, unfortunately, improve, and his next church, St. Anne's, Limehouse, "presents all his worst qualities without any of his best." I confess it seems hard to sweep away the finest conception of so eminent a man as Wren's pupil for a railway-station, that could, doubtless, find a place elsewhere, and my sympathies are with the sentimentalists, with that excellent fighter, Mr. J. Biddulph Martin—one of the historic firm of bankers, and churchwarden of the imperilled structure—at their head. To those not familiar with the City, I may add that St. Mary Woolnoth is in Lombard Street.

A historic thoroughfare has escaped a threatened desecration! The sylvan delights of The Grove at Camberwell, familiar to many generations of South Londoners, it was proposed to make hideous by the erection of a Board School, the advent of which would produce "troops of children, who might not be careful to protect its natural beauties." This mild description of the tender mercies of Board School children, as set forth in a weighty memorial, had, I am pleased to record, the desired effect upon the authorities, and it has been decided that another site shall be chosen for the "harmless (?) necessary" building. If I am unable to agree, with the enthusiastic memorial above referred to, that "no road in the whole of London can excel The Grove in point of natural beauty," my recollections of some quarter of a century since

The club-house now known as the St. George's attained its majority last New Year's Day. In its early youth it bore the name of the Hanover Club, or the Cercle des Étrangers. The premises themselves, however, have a far earlier history—indeed, as far back as in the first half of George the Third's reign, Sir John Gallini, the Court dancing-master, made a fortune out of the concert-room which he erected. Later, the "Concerts of Ancient Music," the Philharmonic, Cocks', and Macfarren's concerts followed in due time, until the conversion of the building to the purposes of a club, which was opened in 1875. And now the magnificent dining-room of St. George's Club is monthly appropriated to the holding of smoking-concerts. These reminiscences concerning the Hanover Square Rooms forced themselves on me the other evening, when I found that the spirit of music was not only not dead, but evidently fostered and loved by many hundreds of the members on its club roll.

The musical director of the concerts is Chevalier Wilhelm Ganz, whose name always carries with it a voucher for admirable conductorship and eclectic taste in his choice of artists. Last week's concert was exceptionally fine. The mention of the names of the vocalists, Misses Letty Searle, Maud Robertson, Evelyn Ogle, will recall voices of great culture and sweetness, while Messrs. Hirwen Jones and Hyatt were much applauded. The flute-playing of Mr. John

Radcliffe was quite a feature of the evening, and Mr. Harry Tipper showed that even bell-ringing can be elevated to a fine art. The St. George's Club is evidently going strong under the able secretaryship of Mr. R. Earle Welby.

The football team of the 2nd Battalion the Highland Light Infantry has succeeded in winning, at Simla, the Durand Football Cup for the third consecutive year, thus gaining the trophy for good. The Highland Light Infantry, since the Durand Cup was presented by Sir Mortimer Durand in 1888, have been successful in the years 1889, 1890, 1893-94-95. The illustration shows the Durand Football Trophy in the centre. The other two cups are those presented by Messrs. Murray and Co., Lucknow, for competition among British regiments, and won by the Highlanders in 1893 and 1894. The silver cup held by



FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 2ND BATTALION HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Private Haughie is the cup presented by Colonel A. Durand to the captain of the team winning the Durand Cup. The medals shown on the table were presented to each man of the winning team; they are usually made of bronze, but in 1895, to commemorate the victory of the battalion for the third consecutive year, silver medals were given.



The annual International Toboggan Races at Davos Platz took place on Jan. 14 and 24 over the usual course—the last two miles of the post-road between Davos Platz and Klosters. Miss K. Symonds, the daughter of the late John Addington Symonds, the founder of these international races, won the ladies' challenge-bowl, for the second year in succession, covering the course in the excellent time of 5 min. 53 sec. Mrs. Maclaren was second, and Miss Shipley third. These three ladies all rode "Americas," head-foremost. Miss Freeman, who was fourth, took the prize for the first of the "Swiss" toboggans. These machines have to be ridden in a sitting position. The Symonds Shield was won by Mr. Bertie Dwyer, one of the St. Moritz representatives. This race is open to all kinds of single toboggans, and the winner is always considered the champion road-racer for the year, just as the winner of the Grand National at St. Moritz is considered the champion of an ice course. Mr. Dwyer, who, curiously enough, first learnt his tobogganing at Davos, is most deservedly to be congratulated on his victory, as he created a record for the race—namely, 4 min. 50 sec. Mr. Humphery was second in 5 min. 4 sec., and Mr. Bird, another St. Moritz competitor, was third. The holder of the Shield for 1895, Captain E. G. Wynyard, was only fifth, but he was unable to do himself justice in the race, owing

his is not just "taking him off" at the very moment when he is abusing his wife because the toast is cold or the clothes-brush has been mislaid. A burglar's pocket-camera will, no doubt, be the next invention, by which means he will discover the exact place where the plate is deposited every night, while the pickpocket will be able to make a hasty examination of the contents of our purses before deciding if they are worth appropriating. The only comfort that we can at present suggest is that, with the assistance of the new photography, it will be possible to decide whether some of our fellow-creatures really possess any brains—a point which has hitherto remained in considerable doubt.

The Rev. Dennis Hird, M.A., is the most remarkable parson I have heard of. He is rector of Eastnor, in Herefordshire, Lady Henry Somerset's parish. What does she think of Mr. Hird's social views and literary performances? I have before me a work called "A Christian with Two Wives," a story by Mr. Hird. The Christian is a gentleman who had a disagreeable experience with his first wife. He sought relaxation at Cairo, and, in a slave-market there, among the damsels who were exhibited in heavenly nudity to his inspection, he saw two sisters, Lily and Raven, one exquisitely fair, the



THE COMPETITORS FOR THE SYMONDS TOBOGGANING SHIELD AT DAVOS PLATZ.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL REISCH, DAVOS PLATZ.

to a severe cold. The race for the Symonds Cup had to be postponed from Jan. 16 to 24, owing to a very heavy snowstorm. As had been generally anticipated, the winner turned up in last year's holder, Mr. Harold Freeman—an old Marlburian, and well known some years ago in Rugby football circles as a famous international three-quarter back. This race is strictly confined to "Swiss" toboggans. His time, over a rather slow course, was 6 min. 13 sec.—a time which has only once been beaten in the eleven previous races. His son, Mr. Edward Freeman, was second, being 20 sec. behind his father, and Herr Allemann, a native of Klosters, was third, being only 1 sec. longer.

Have you thought how awe-inspiring is the new photography? It is too like the Day of Judgment, when there will be "nothing covered that shall not be revealed"; we shall in vain try to hide ourselves from the searching eye of the camera. In the days when the Kodak was first invented, and half the youth of the world were possessed with a mania for taking "snap-shots," complaints were heard that persons holding positions of dignity and eminence might be "taken-off" at unfavourable moments. A University Proctor photographed in the act of "catching a crab" would be an awful thing! But this is a mere trifle compared to the results that may be expected from the new discovery! The Englishman's house will no longer be his castle; it will be like living in public. He will never know whether some enemy of

other rapturously dark. He bought them, married them, taught them English and Christianity, and settled down with them in an English country place, to the grievous scandal of the neighbourhood. Most of the book consists of conversations between this Christian and the local vicar, who feebly attempts to defend monogamy, and is discomfited by references to the story of David and Bathsheba. What, I ask, does Lady Henry Somerset say to all this? What does the Bishop of Hereford think of the open advocacy of polygamy by a rector in his diocese? I am waiting to hear that the Rev. Dennis Hird has been inhibited, and that Lady Henry Somerset has held him up to odium on a public platform.

Interesting short monographs on one of the old City churches, St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, have recently appeared from the pen of that accomplished antiquarian, the Rev. William Sparrow-Simpson, Sub-Dean, Minor Canon, and Librarian of St. Paul's. He is a constant contributor to *Notes and Queries*, holds the title of F.S.A., and is naturally a high authority on matters pertaining to the City churches, inasmuch as he is Rector of St. Vedast's in conjunction with three other neighbouring faues. The Rev. W. Sparrow-Simpson is a pleasant, chatty old gentleman, some sixty or seventy years of age, of smallish stature, with grey hair. He is a Cambridge man, like his son, the Rev. C. Sparrow-Simpson, who is senior curate at St. Andrew's, Wells Street.



My lively contemporary the *Pelican* is asking the question, "Who is the smartest woman in the United Kingdom?" and offers prizes to the ladies who win the greatest number of votes. I venture to submit that there never will be unanimity on such a point. Every man has his own goddess—

"Who is Sylvia? What is she,  
That all the swains adore her?"  
Such a thing can never be,  
Some fellows will ignore her—  
Each has his divinity.

Some there be who do admire  
Jetty eyes and raven hair,  
Ruddy cheeks may set afire  
Hearts whom features pale and fair  
Never, never could inspire.

Some are ever prone to praise  
Maidens fluffy, fringed, and blonde,  
Like the summer sun ablaze;  
Other men, again, are fond  
Of a different type of fays.

Some adore the tall and lean,  
Some the short and stout;  
Sylvia is one man's queen,  
Whom his brethren flout.  
None dare say—"I rule the scene."

Different maids for different men,  
Reason will not solve such things;  
Five and five make always ten—  
Each man to his Sylvia sings;  
She's unknown, like  $x$  or  $n$ .

Apropos of the fact that, lately, an elderly man was "fired out" of one of the theatres because he persisted in speaking to a lady whom he did not know, I might mention the device adopted by one lady who is a friend of mine for getting rid of the men who follow lonely women in the streets. Whenever she is pestered—and I am sorry to say it happens not rarely—she goes to a shop-window, and, when the man comes near, she looks at him distrustfully, and then ostentatiously covers her pocket with one hand, and hugs her reticule with the other. This insult to his honesty always drives him off.

Miss Anne Beaufort is an actress of many accomplishments, who was a year in Miss Sarah Thorne's company, playing such leading parts as those of Portia, Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," and Lady Anne in "Richard III." More recently, she has appeared as Mrs. Cheveley in



MISS ANNE BEAUFORT.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"An Ideal Husband." Miss Beaufort has also played with considerable success in Mr. F. R. Benson's company, where she has shown special aptitude in characters of the lady-adventuress type. Miss Beaufort is the wife of the well-known naturalist, Mr. F. E. Beddard.

The gift of acting is surely hereditary. I note that at a performance of "School" at Bournemouth, the other week, Mrs. Duncan Hume made a hit as Naomi. Little wonder, for she is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Compton, and consequently a sister of Mr. Edward Compton and Mr. C. G. Compton, late of the Garrick, and now of the Strand Theatre, whose novel, "Her Own Devices," is reviewed in this issue. It is not generally known that Macready's son is an officer of the Gordon Highlanders, stationed in Aberdeen, and takes part in amateur theatricals in the Granite City.



MRS. DUNCAN HUME.

Photo by the Royal Central Photo Company, Bournemouth.

I fancy that *Vanity Fair* did a good piece of work for itself when publishing what the writer has aptly titled "A Week's Record at Monte Carlo." Though those unacquainted with the dangerous charms of roulette as played at Charley's Mount will find the little booklet utter gibberish, no one who has ever fluttered round the tables in the now historic Casino but will read, mark, and inwardly digest its contents with considerable interest, the more so that the careful record of seven days' play is also given, enabling the hardened *joueur à système*, while sitting at home, to plan out new combinations at his ease.

Till comparatively lately, a lively trade was done in carefully edited daily diaries of the preceding day's play. Then, suddenly, without any warning, the Administration suppressed the sale of these *pointeurs*, thus proving pretty conclusively that there must be, after all, something in the dozens of systems patiently worked out with more or less success by help of these same *pointeurs*. I well remember, apropos of this same vexed question of system *versus* luck, hearing a one-time Senior Wrangler confide to a small party of punters his absolute belief that anyone could, with the aid of a comparatively simple system, based strictly on certain laws of chance, make, year in and year out, at least a modest competency; and, from my knowledge of the place, and of those who frequent it, I am disposed to believe what he said. Quite a number of keen-eyed, shabby-looking Frenchmen—aye, and Frenchwomen too—make a living out of the tables, and are tolerated by the Administration as supers. The "system" pursued by these good people—and I speak with knowledge—consists in only playing three to four *coups* during the whole day, choosing the moment when to lay down a modest five-franc piece, and absolutely limiting both loss and gain to something like twenty francs; for, as most people know, the one advantage the player possesses over the bank is that of being able to choose the exact moment of taking a risk, and the power of leaving off at the tide of fortune.

The accounts from Monte Carlo this season are not encouraging. At time of writing very little good has been done by the punters, while the Casino entertainments have been found wanting by the regular frequenters. No small discontent is expressed by visitors at the retrenchment by the executive of the Casino, while many and curious stories are in circulation as to its cause and probable effect. I hear that the reforms have even affected the subsidies hitherto received by certain incorruptible journals. Of course, the opera is a great attraction to all save the inveterate gamblers, but the operatic standard is not high—at any rate, not so high as the prices charged for admission. Madame Patti has been singing, though even a "star" may be out of place and ineffective among candles. However, nobody is hypercritical on the Riviera. For the most part, the towns combine great natural beauty with an extreme dullness, and those who go to the South in full enjoyment of health and vigour find Monte Carlo the only spot where the evenings are not surrendered to silence. Even there eleven o'clock finds the Casino closing its doors. I never realised the full extent of human endurance until I once heard the town band performing on the English Promenade at Nice. How all those good representatives of England, France, and America put up with it is a fair puzzle to me. They all looked strong enough to run away, but they stood their ground. In the less cultured parts of America those "musicianers" would have been shot without mercy.

A literary and artistic club lately started in New York bears the curious and yet not inappropriate title of "The Society of Pointed Beards." A man who rejoices in displaying a beard of the Vandyke pattern is pretty sure to have the artistic temperament, and many people besides myself must have friends with carefully peaked beards who are doing good work as artists, architects, sculptors, journalists, or bards.



I hear—from nobody connected with the Crystal Palace Company, be it said—of a proposal to run trams right up to the Palace from London. They already go as far as West Norwood. There are questions that immediately arise about this matter. First, will the Dulwich College Estate allow tram-lines over their property? Secondly, will any other route be available except by the usually unsatisfactory cable-tram? Thirdly, will not the railway companies move heaven and earth to prevent the proposal from being carried into effect? I believe myself that the idea is a splendid one, and that in summer-time many people would go to the Palace for the sake of the ride. The railway companies deserve whatever happens to them. Neither the Chatham and Dover nor Brighton lines have a good, fast service of trains to the Palace. It takes about thirty-five or forty minutes by either line to journey the few miles between Victoria and Sydenham. You can travel from London to Brighton in very little more time than it takes to go from Victoria to the Crystal Palace. Fast trains are very few and far between; the others stop at every station, and very often between a few. Hamlet talks about the Law's delay. Did he live nowadays, he would speedily confess that the average suburban train can give the Law a long start and a good beating in the matter of delays.

Last week, Mr. George Edwardes, in the fulness of his generosity, gave away souvenirs of "An Artist's Model" for the second time. The afternoon at Daly's was given to opera, and I looked in to hear a little of the trifle that brought fame to Mascagni. It was three o'clock when I came into Leicester Square, and, to my astonishment, I found the pit and gallery entrances already crowded by people who had evidently decided that the music of "An Artist's Model" was quite worth four or five hours' patient standing in the street. I was reminded by the sight of a souvenir-night at the Lyric Theatre in the time of "Little Christopher Columbus." I was coming through Piccadilly at about 11.30, and noticed about twenty people with tambourines. At the Circus, every second or third wayfarer had one; at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Regent Street there was a plague of them. I was very much startled, for I had only taken a couple of glasses of claret over dinner, and that was no excuse for a terror of tambourines. But, with the courage on which I pride myself, I continued my journey, and was lucky enough to encounter a friend, who explained the mystery, and confirmed my sobriety. In future, I think that if, after a convivial dinner- or supper-party, I saw snakes, wild-fowl, or stars, in undue profusion, I should console myself with the thought that souvenirs had probably been given away somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"Prisoner and Defender" is the title of a burlesque on "The Prisoner of Zenda" about to be produced in America.

Apropos of the recent performance of "The Flying Dutchman" by the Carl Rosa Company at Daly's Theatre, I may note that, on its original production in English by the same organisation at the Lyceum, in October, 1876, the part of the Steersman was sustained by Mr. J. W. Turner, who has, at the head of his own company, just started his annual season of opera in English at the Standard Theatre. Mr. Turner, I think, includes in his repertory his recently produced version of Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche" and Sir George Macfarren's "Robin Hood."

I have no doubt that befitting public support will be given to the benefit performance which Mr. Beerbohm Tree is organising on behalf

of Mr. Hermann Vezin. Only playgoers with long memories recollect Mr. Vezin's splendid acting in "The Man o' Airlie," now nearly thirty years ago, nor, perhaps, do many remember that his wife (known earlier in her career as Mrs. Charles Young) was as truly great a *tragédienne* as any English-speaking actress of the last half-century. As for Mr. Hermann Vezin, he has consistently held aloft the banner of the legitimate drama, and his impersonations of Shaksperian characters have always been scholarly and impressive, if not exactly irradiated by the fire of genius. As an elocutionist he has now few equals.

A worthy companion to Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Henry Howe, in length of stage service, is Mr. J. H. Stoddart, an American actor, who has just celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his début on the boards.

Madame Else Sonntag, who gave a pianoforte recital at Queen's Hall the other afternoon, is a young German lady, and wife of Mr. James Headlam, brother of the Rev. Stewart Headlam. Madame Sonntag was a pupil of Franz Liszt about the same time, I think, as the distinguished pianist, Herr Emil Sauer.

Authors have got into the way of stereotyping the titles of these modern-style musical pieces. "The French Maid" (recalling "The Lady Slavey") is the name of the new musical comedy prepared by

Messrs. Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter, the collaborators in "Gentleman Joe"; while "The Gentleman Jockey" is the sub-title of "Lord Tom Noddy," the play written for Little Tich by Mr. George Dance and Dr. Osmond Carr.

The "Every Hour" diary, published by Eason and Son, of Dublin, is surely unique. Of quarto form, it contains a week at each opening, each day being divided into the hours that run from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., with spaces for morning and evening engagements. The spaces for the several hours are so clearly denoted that it is impossible to mistake the time of any particular engagement that may be entered on a page. To further facilitate reference, the diary is indexed down the edge, so that any month can be instantly found.



MISS COOKE AS BLUE-EYED SUSAN IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



An International Exhibition for Physical Training, Hygiene, and Sport is to be held at Innsbruck from May to October next, under the patronage of the Archduke Ferdinand Charles. It will comprise not only all appliances and necessities in connection with the three principal branches of the programme, but also a series of international competitions will be held, and prizes offered in various sports and games dear to Englishmen and to our own countrymen.

Even fox-hunting has been introduced into the Tyrol. An enterprising young officer, Lieutenant Höfer, of the Mounted Tyrolean Rifles, has organised a hunt, and has procured the foxhounds at great



LIEUTENANT HÖFER, MASTER OF THE HUNT.

expense from England. At present the pack consists of six couples, but the master (Lieutenant Höfer) says that by the spring, when the fresh season commences, that number will be doubled. The great meet of the season took place on St. Hubert's Day, at Igls, a village four miles from Innsbruck, to the south, where the hills are of no redoubtable height, and where the best sport is generally procured. A fox was speedily discovered, and an unchecked run of two-and-twenty minutes ensued; his Imperial Highness Archduke Ferdinand, nephew of the Emperor, was in at the death, and was duly presented with the brush. After this ceremony had been gone through with all the precise etiquette dear to an Austrian's heart (the master first decorated poor

Reynard's caudal appendage with a bow of ribbon of the Hunt colours), there was an adjournment to the hotel at Igls, where a luncheon was served, and Lieutenant Höfer was warmly congratulated on having hitherto so successfully filled the arduous position of Master of the Innsbruck Foxhounds. It may interest the reader to learn that this gallant officer came in third in the celebrated "distance-ride" from Vienna to Berlin, and that, of all the competitors on either side, he was the only one whose horse did not suffer, but arrived in the German capital as "fit" as when he started—a fact which speaks well for Lieutenant Höfer's humanity and judgment.

The coming exhibition, or Millennial Festival, to be held in Budapesth in the spring, promises to be of quite exceptional interest. The Emperor of Austria is taking immense interest in the affair, and every Court in Europe will be represented at the opening. Everyone has always had a good word to say for the plucky little kingdom, and most of the great Continental museums have promised to send valuable relics and mementoes to further grace the Festival, while Hungarians of all ranks, including the clergy, have come forward with the loan of their art-treasures. A number of International Congresses will be a feature of the exhibition. From the foreign visitors' point of view, the feature which will attract most attention will be the splendid historical pageant designed and stage-managed, if one may use the phrase, by Paul Vágó. In the procession will be seen all the famous men and women who contributed to the greatness and glory of Hungary during the ten centuries of her existence, and each historical figure will be surrounded by a retinue of citizens, peasants, and other types special to his or her epoch. One striking feature of the pageant will be that many bearers of names famed in Hungarian history will take part in the procession.

Miss Margaret Halstan, to whom I referred recently as having been engaged by Mr. Tree to understudy Trilby at the Haymarket, is tall and graceful, but not divinely fair, for she has all the witching colouring of the most perfect nut-brown maid. She comes to the dramatic world for pure love of her art, and not as a necessary means of livelihood; and she has already been seen with many dramatic societies, and, scoring more than one success in St. George's Hall, she finally decided to become a professional actress, and during the last two years has received many tempting offers to play rounds of leading parts in the provinces. Still, she preferred to wait until a good opening offered in town, as she was loth to leave a good home for the discomforts of touring; but, during that time, she has been working hard, studying at home as well as playing for charities, &c., and seeing all there was to be seen on the London boards. She is now only just twenty, and, being born in one of the loveliest parts of Surrey, was educated quietly at home, with never a thought of a professional career; yet for that career her education has most eminently fitted her, for her musical studies have been very thorough, and singing is one of her accomplishments, added to which she has studied elocution, not only in English, but in French and German, and has had frequent opportunities of acting in each language during her childhood, and, later on, for clubs and charities. She is delighted to be in such charming surroundings as she finds at the Haymarket Theatre, and to have made her first professional appearance on so auspicious an occasion as the opening of the New Theatre at Cambridge.



THE MEET.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD, INNSBRUCK.



“THE PRISONER OF ZENDA,” AT THE ST. JAMES’S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MADAME DE MAUBAN (MISS LILY HANBURY).



AMELIA, COUNTESS OF RASSENDYLL (MISS MABEL HACKNEY).

CHARACTERS OF THE PROLOGUE.

Prince Rudolf	{ Red Elphberg, Heir Apparent to the Throne of Ruritania	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Duke Wolfgang	(Black Elphberg, his Cousin)	Mr. HERBERT WARING.
Gilbert, Earl of Rassendyll	...	Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.
Horace Glyn (A Young Diplomatist)	...	Mr. VINCENT STERNROYD.
Jeffreys (An Old Servant)	...	Mr. HENRY BOYCE.
Giffen (A Servant)	...	Mr. F. FEATHERSTONE.
Amelia, Countess of Rassendyll	{ Sister to Horace Glyn	MISS MABEL HACKNEY.

Period of Prologue, 1733.  
Scene: Lord Rassendyll's House in London.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

Rudolf the Fifth	{ Red Elphberg, King of Ruritania	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Rudolf Rassendyll	{ A Young Englishman	Mr. HERBERT WARING.
Michael, Duke of Strelsau	(Black Elphberg)	Mr. W. H. VERNON.
Colonel Sapt (An Old Soldier)	...	Mr. ARTHUR ROYSTON.
Fritz von Tarlenheim	...	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.
Captain Hentzau	{ Followers of Duke	Mr. WILLIAM H. DAY.
Detchard	{ Michael	Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Bertram Bertrand (A Young English Artist)	...	Mr. HENRY LORRAINE.
Marshal Strakencz	...	Mr. F. LOMNITZ.
Lorenz Teppich (Chancellor of Ruritania)	...	Mr. GEORGE P. HAWTREY.
Franz Teppich	{ His Brother, Mayor of Strelsau	Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT.
Lord Topham (English Ambassador)	...	Mr. I. DAWSON.
Ludwig	{ Retainers at Tarlenheim	Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE.
Toni	...	Mr. FRANK DYALL.
Josef	...	MISS EVELYN MILLARD.
Princess Flavia	...	MISS LILY HANBURY.
Antoinette de Mauban	...	MISS OLGA BRANDON.
Frau Teppich	...	

- Act I. ... IN THE FOREST NEAR ZENDA.  
*Concerning the colour of men's hair.*
- Act II. ... WINTER PALACE AT STRELSAU.  
*A fair Cousin and a dark Brother.*
- Act III. ... THE CASTLE AT TARLENHEIM.  
*The King can do no wrong.*
- Act IV. ... THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.  
*If love were all.*



MADAME DE MAUBAN.





AMELIA, COUNTESS OF RASSENDYLL.



CAPTAIN HENTZAU (MR. LAURENCE CAUTLEY).

FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM (MR. ARTHUR ROYSTON), AND COLONEL SAPT  
(MR. W. H. VERNON).CHANCELLOR OF RURITANIA (MR. F. LOMNITZ), AND THE MAYOR  
OF STRELSAU (MR. G. P. HAWTREY).





MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS PRINCESS FLAVIA



DETCARD (MR. W. H. DAY).



GIFFEN (MR. F. FEATHERSTONE).



JOSEF (MR. FRANK DYALL).



MARSHAL STRAKENCZ (MR. HENRY LORAINÉ).





MISS LILY HANBURY AS MADAME DE MAUBAN.



THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR (MR. GEORGE BANCROFT).



BERTRAND (MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH).



THE AMBASSADORS AT THE COURT OF RURITANIA.





MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS PRINCESS FLAVIA, WITH HER MAIDS-OF-HONOUR.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE GREEN CLOAK.

BY FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.

"We have talked enough of serious things. You are hideously materialistic. I am going to the dressmaker—and I *must* go, so come along with me—it's only to take a pattern." She stood smiling at him as he hesitated on the doorstep.

"How absurd!" he said.

"Why? Mayn't I have pretty clothes? Must I be dowdy because I am rich?"

He turned with her as she closed the door, and they walked leisurely up the street.

"Dress is the least part of you; I never associate pretty clothes with you, or dress at all."

"That's very uncomplimentary, and it suggests a necklace and feathers."

They both laughed. She wasn't at all pretty, but he thought she looked charming when she laughed. He had known her ever since he could remember, yet he always found himself fascinated anew by her contagious mirth.

"So long as sentiment is left us we can bear anything," she said, reverting to the conversation of the afternoon.

"On the contrary," he answered, "I thought it was the sentiment that sharpened the knife."

"Yes; but the blunt steel tears, and the wound won't heal."

"Oh, you are clever! Personally, I shut my doors on sentiment—I think her a dressed-up doll, and a liar to boot! She promises to give, and she only takes. We are poorer after her visits."

"Nevertheless, it's a splendid poverty—a dignified poverty! It is the poverty of Francis of Assisi," she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"Granted; it's ascetic, and not æsthetic—it wears a hair shirt, and is ugly."

"But the birds of the air come down and listen to its voice."

He laughed. "It's not practical. *You* are not practical. You will find yourself left with your birds, and the warm touch of human interest will leave you. Theoretically, we all have sentiment, but, believe me, no one *is* sentimental. In the nineteenth century Art is the expression of sentiment, not life!"

"Please don't. Here we are."

"Am I to come in?"

"Yes. Madame Pourret is a wonderful person. She lives at the top of the house, looks like a cook, and makes for some of the smartest women in London. She's a secret of the select," she added, as they wound up a narrow staircase together and entered a spacious room, on the tables of which some completed garments and uncut materials were strewn. A green velvet cloak hung upon a stand near the window. They both stood still and looked at it.

"You are a base pessimist," she said.

"In the sense that I expect nothing and believe in no one, yes; consequently I lose nothing, and nothing disappoints me. I am perfectly happy. Do not think I do not admire sentiment in you. I do enormously: it delights me, but from a selfish point of view; when I am sufficiently idiotic to be unselfish I am terribly frightened at the prospect of what you must and will suffer. At moments I want to shake you, and shout in your ears not to be foolish, when I see you at the edge of one of your sentimental precipices. But, then, it completes the picture of you! And, being an artist, I hate to see a work of art ruined by plebeian criticism. To-day I am an idiot and plebeian; I want to shake you."

"Isn't that green cloak lovely?"

"Lovely!"

She turned round and looked him in the eyes. "Shake me, then," she said.

"You must not believe so much in Merton."

"Rather say you want to shake my belief in him."

"No, not shake your belief in him, but in what is not in him."

"Surely it is not so very sentimental to believe in one's future husband? Don't you want me to marry Horace Merton?"

"On the contrary!"

"Don't you think he cares for me?"

"I think he adores you."

She turned on her heel. "I think he has more sentiment than any man I know."

"There you are wrong—he hasn't any. He only admires sentiment, as I do. He is absolutely void of it. He is commonplace. I am afraid you will come a cropper on a blunt knife."

"Nonsense! I won't listen to your evil prophecies. Don't you think I would look nice in that cloak? I must have a cloak like that."

"Green?"

"Green means hope, sir. Do you hear? I shall have a going-away cloak just like that."

"Hope is only the vain reflection of our own desires, and, like our desires, she leads us a very profitless dance."

"Please don't be epigrammatic; an epigram always sounds right, and I can't bear being put right. I must try on this cloak. How do I look?"

"Adorable!"

"That decides it. I shall have a facsimile. What fun! and it's so wrong to crib other people's ideas. Do you think the wearer will be furious?"

"She might if she saw how nice you looked."

"That's charming of you! Won't Horace like it! Ah, Madame Pourret," she exclaimed, as the little fat woman came in, "I have only come to bring you this pattern. Is this cloak a French model, or are you making it for someone?"

"It is Mrs. Merton's, Madame."

"Isn't Mrs. Merton a little elderly and large for such a light colour?"

The foreigner looked as if she did not understand.

"Doesn't it make her look red?"

"No, Madame—Madame Merton is so pale. It suits her fair hair too."

"What Mrs. Merton do you mean?"

"Mrs. Horace Merton."

"Mr. Horace's mother?" The girl questioned lightly, as she surveyed herself in the long mirror.

"No, his wife."

"You are mistaken. Mr. Horace Merton is not married."

The woman smiled. "It must be another Mrs. Merton, Madame, No. 161, Piccadilly."

The reflection of the girl's face in the glass became white to the lips, and for a moment there was a strange silence in the room; then she said hurriedly, "That's Mr. Merton's address; they are bachelor apartments. You see you are mistaken." The cloak slipped from her shoulders. Again the dressmaker smiled.

"I think, Madame, Mrs. Merton told me she was not there very much. She said she and Mr. Merton were abroad a good deal. I am sending the cloak there just now. There is a country address too," she added, with the insistence of a foreigner determined to be right, and amused at a situation the significance of which she could not possibly realise.

"I am mistaken. I had not heard Mr. Merton was married. You will match the silk? Good morning."

The two hurried out of the room and down the stairs in silence. At the street-door they stopped. A hansom cab was passing, and they hailed it.

"You heard?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Did you know it?"

"Good God, no! There may be some mistake."

"There is no mistake."

"My dear cousin, how can I help you?"

"There is no help. You see you were right. He *is* commonplace. Ah! it's dreadful. I was going to be something less than she. Her cloak would have covered less shame than mine—better be Mrs. Merton who is not Mrs. Merton than what I might have been."

"Do not judge him hastily."

"I am not judging—there is nothing to judge. He is only commonplace." She stepped into the cab, then turned a white face to him.

"Take care of yourself," he said.

The tears started to her eyes. "Good-bye, my kind Cynic; you have won to-day!" And the cab drove off. He remained standing a moment on the pavement.

"No," he murmured, "I have lost! Ah! how brave her sentiment makes her. Damn it! who would have dreamed the precipice was to be found in a dressmaker's apartment—third floor front?"

## GARDEN SEASONS.

A garden in the summer,  
Wherein the birds and I  
Built nests for some new-comer  
To hang against the sky.

Garden of rose and lily,  
And steeped in dew and scent,  
Where never a flower was chilly,  
And hearts were well content.

Hot day smoked like a censer,  
Till dew fell down at eve,  
And shades were thicker, denser,  
And doves forgot to grieve.

Ah, birds, so brisk and cheerful,  
We guessed not how should come  
The autumn sad and tearful,  
The winter cold and dumb!

Ah, building days and brooding!  
We guessed not how 'twould be,  
With sad rains flooding, flooding,  
Our ruined nests in tree.—KATHARINE TYNAN.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

We return to the consideration of the Grafton Gallery somewhat more in detail. The first, or Octagon Room, contains seventeen examples of Israels' strong and careful workmanship, excellent in character and



THE MAID OF THE BROOK.—CHARLES SAINTON.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

broad in their treatment of paint. "Drowned Fisherman" (15), a melancholy procession from the surf bearing the dead, is especially fine in composition and in the weaving of the varying lines of the mingling figures. "Sewing School" (4) makes a fine unity of effect, and the character of the workers is, in the best sense, dramatic.

In the "Music-Room" hang the thirty-three Corots. It is a curious fact to note how, in his blue, transparent atmospheres, Corot had a veritable passion for inserting a blot of vivid red in so many of his works, generally in the shape of a cap. So strong is this tendency that it becomes, in the presence of a long series of his works like these, even a trifle monotonous. Nine of these landscapes belong to what may actually be called, without misnaming them, the Corot "red-cap" series. Meanwhile, "Sunset" (19) is a purely and poetically beautiful landscape, full of serenity and shining peacefulness. But we are not sure that, of all these great works, we do not prefer "Corot's House and Garden," with its mystery of intense sunlight, its slender, graceful trees, its open, placid sky, and its fine arrangement and composition.

Of the Millets, note the inevitable "Angelus" (61), admirable

always, if it has not deserved all the praise lavished upon it. Then there is a Michel, "The Mill (Passing Clouds)" (95), which is a gorgeous example of light contrasts, the clouds being both modelled and painted superbly. Of the fine twenty pictures by Diaz hanging here, the best is, perhaps, "Landscape" (104), which gleams with sunshine, and is lovely in colour, all gay in green. Fifteen of Jacob Maris' paintings hang in the Long Room; "The Bridge" (123) has great solidity in its masses, and nobility in its broad, square arrangement of houses, wood, and water. "Amsterdam" (130) is a splendidly conceived sort of Dutch Canaletto, without the Italian's lovely blue, but with all his completeness and apprehension of wide spaces and of buildings and water. To pass on: there are eight Troyons, among which we note, with particular emphasis, the lovely "Sheep on Downs" (151), which is perfectly exquisite in tone and brilliantly true in colour. Rousseau's "The Forest of Fontainebleau" (168) is, if we accept the rather high pitch of colour in which it is deliberately painted, an astonishing *tour-de-force*, which, only because it seems a *tour-de-force*, just misses the highest poetry of paint. Daubigny's "Harvest Moon" (176) is in that painter's finest style—a large, noble, careful, and finely conceived canvas. And here, with these main selections, we must cease, merely repeating our observation of last week, that the exhibition is one which none who cares about the fineness and poetry of fine and poetical art should permit himself to miss.

We have before noticed Mr. Charles Sainton's exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Rooms. This week we reproduce in black and white two of those water-colours, "The Maid of the Brook" and "La Source." Both are full of that elegant grace, that sense of line, that sentiment of prettiness which so well distinguish Mr. Sainton's work. "La Source," indeed, has in it a feeling for poetry which Mr. Sainton by no means always achieves; the recumbent girl leans upon her pitcher, from which flows the water that slowly makes the body of the down-flowing stream, among reeds and flowers and gay sunlight. The composition of this little picture is especially commendable.

The *Beam* is the name of a new bi-monthly magazine published, at the curious price of ninepence, by "some students of the National Training School," and edited by Mr. Alfred Jones, who is responsible for the quaint cover. The *Beam* is an obvious imitation of the *Butterfly* in shape and character. Clever drawings are contributed by Mr. Manuel and Mr. Hartrick—to name the more familiar draughtsmen. The literature is appropriate. May the magazine have a brighter fate than fell to the poor little *Butterfly*!

Mr. R. Allan and Mr. Arthur Hopkins have been elected full members, and Messrs. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., H. S. Hopwood, W. E. Lockhart, and Miss Mildred Butler, associates, of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

The Emperor of Austria, through the Austrian Ambassador, Count Deym, has conferred the golden Cross of Merit with the Crown ("das goldene Verdienstkreuz mit der Krone") upon Mr. Martin Colnaghi, of the Marlborough Gallery, Pall Mall, in recognition of his service to art.



LA SOURCE.—CHARLES SAINTON.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

## HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

## XVI.—AT HIGH PRESSURE.

"Really, Linda, I do think you might find time to take your meals properly. The idea of writing letters while you're eating!"

"I must catch the very first post. There! that comes of fidgeting me."

Linda had let a great ink-drop fall upon the table-cloth. Mrs. Vassie cried remonstrance in a louder key; the two younger girls were indignant; and their father, scampering over the columns of his newspaper in the few minutes left before he must rush for the train, growled at the noise and confusion. As in the great majority of families raised by paternal effort and the education of children above the lower middle-class degree in which they began, mild domestic discord was natural to the Vassies, especially at breakfast-time. Mr. Vassie declared that it was the cause of his dyspepsia. They did not quarrel with vulgar violence; mother and girls alike had learned to pick their phrases, and to abstain from excessive forms of irritation; but polite wrangling, when the family were alone, seldom ceased, and, as often as not, Linda gave occasion for it.

This young woman led a surprising life. Without the least pretence of preparing herself for any recognised calling—there was no need for her to do so—she exhibited an activity which would have taxed the constitution even of a strong man. From morning to night—often, indeed, till past midnight—Linda was engaged, at high pressure, in a great variety of pursuits. Her correspondence alone represented a day's work for an ordinary person. She wrote to numberless people, public and private, on all manner of subjects. Scarcely a book, magazine, or newspaper came into her hands which did not suggest a letter of inquiry, criticism, or sympathy; her collection of autographs was very large, and she rejoiced loudly over every important addition to it. She attended all sorts of meetings, in town and country, at an expense in railway fares which often excited her father's protest. Her purely social engagements were numerous, and she threw herself into all the common forms of recreation with no less energy than into what she called her "work." Full of intellectual and moral self-esteem, she lacked the common form of personal vanity; dress concerned her little, and, since a very early age, she had never been known to betray sensibility to sexual impressions.

Not that Miss Vassie belonged to the advanced guard of emancipated women: in weighty matters of opinion she was orthodox; her views of life savoured of provincialism. But for this, it would have been impossible for her to remain a member of the household at Westbourne Park. The forms of religion (ritualistic) she discharged as punctually and conscientiously as any other of her innumerable undertakings; they had their hours in the methodical scheme which she drew up every Saturday for the ensuing week; prayers night and morning were "fitted in"—to use her own constant phrase—with admirable precision; and a drawing-room meeting on some matter which concerned the spiritual life often appeared in her "time-table," exactly wedged between mundane appointments. The cause of "womanhood" greatly concerned her, but in no revolutionary sense. Herself the least domestic of persons, she maintained the time-honoured theory of female duties. Personally, she seemed to demand nothing but liberty to keep up a state of nervous tension, to speed about in cabs and trains, to read all the periodicals of the day, to make endless new acquaintances, and to receive a score of letters by every post.

Her age was seven-and-twenty; if anything, she looked younger. After a rather sickly childhood, she had grown into a thoroughly sound state of health, which seemed to demand, and to profit by, astonishing physical activity. Whether she exerted her mind in a corresponding degree, or at all in proportion to the show she made of mental alertness and application, might reasonably be doubted. The members of her family, though frank in condemnation of her self-will, restlessness, and disputatious temper, never presumed to question Linda's authority on all high matters; they marvelled at her learning, her mental powers. She talked with fluency on most subjects current in the journalism of the day. She professed, and believed, herself a sound critic of every art, with something of special attainment in the sphere of music. She managed to "fit in" a good many half-hours of solitary study, the subjects varying at very short intervals; one week her zeal would be for the historical aspect of the Eastern Question; the next, she had resolved to learn "everything" about Egyptology. As she never accused herself of desultoriness, it was to be presumed that she felt satisfied with the brief but vigorous efforts of her acute intelligence. At all times, in whatever company, she spoke at a speed which would have baffled any stenographer, and, when affecting to listen, she was evidently thinking of what she would say next.

Miss Vassie's delight was to make herself the instructress, the spiritual guide, of young girls. Whenever she could gather two or three ingenuous, docile maidens, and speed about London with them on a perspiring intellectual pilgrimage, her satisfaction knew no bounds. It once happened that two country cousins, good-humoured girls, eager to learn and to enjoy, came to stay with the family at Westbourne Park. From the first day Linda took possession of them, and did not flag in her zeal for their enlightenment until both were so seriously affected in health by the life she led them that Mrs. Vassie had to interfere. At the British Museum, at the National Gallery, she poured forth an

inexhaustible stream of commonplaces and inaccuracies: when her hapless companions were all but fainting, the terrible cicerone pushed on from room to room. Linda always lost her disciples by mere excess of energy. Girls grew afraid of her, and at length fled before the sound of her voice.

She belonged to a great many societies, received dozens of reports, proceedings, prospectuses, and the like. Her talk at home was often unintelligible to the hearers owing to her habit of mentioning societies by initials instead of the full name. "My dear girls, how *can* I go with you when I have a meeting at the S.R.T.M.?" "Next week I shall be fearfully busy. There's the A.L.P.Q., and the S.R.D.B., and— Oh! do let me make a note of a letter I have to write to the secretary of the L.Q.C.E.W.!" These alphabetical designations rolled off her tongue with astounding volubility.

Her desire to form intimacies with people of name sometimes led her into an unpleasant situation. Civil coldness did not discourage her, and to the hints which would have rebuffed a sensitive woman she was, happily, obtuse. But on one occasion accident gave her something more than a hint to abstain from assiduities in a certain quarter. A lady with a mission, an advocate of "womanhood," after Linda's own heart, had allowed herself to be drawn into correspondence, and at length invited Miss Vassie to call upon her. For some weeks Linda boasted of the acquaintance. Then came a letter addressed in the well-known hand, and Linda opened it with eagerness. To her surprise it began, "My dear Miss Jones." Here was a mistake. The lady with a mission, no less busy than Linda herself, had in her haste misdirected the envelope. But it did not occur to Linda to fold the sheet without reading its contents, and her curiosity had its reward—

MY DEAR MISS JONES,—I should have written to you yesterday, but just as I sat down I was worried by a call from a most trying and wearisome person, who talked and talked for more than an hour about her own silly, half-educated ideas. Do beware of her if she writes to you; it is a Miss Vassie of Westbourne Park—oh, a dreadful person! She seems to write to everybody. I think it a duty to warn my friends, and somehow I shall have to get rid of her.

Then followed matter of no particular interest. Linda, hot and trembling, presently asked herself whether this *was* a mistake. She sent back the letter without a word, and never again heard from that distinguished lady—of whom, when she spoke at all, she spoke with an exceeding bitterness which no one could understand.

## ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

While the Ashanti Campaign has brought the West Coast of Africa into a prominence which it has long lacked, one of the most peculiar features of civilisation there is the curious effort of the natives to adopt English costume, as will be seen from the photographs reproduced on the opposite page. The group showing Chief Allison of Bonny is certainly grotesque, while the wedding-party is quite amusing. Bonny is an interesting little place in the delta of the great Niger, and within the area of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, over which Sir Claude MacDonald, who is to succeed Sir Nicholas O'Connor at the Court of Peking, has been presiding as Consul-General. It is engaged in the palm-oil trade, in common with all the other stations in the delta, has a population of fifteen or twenty thousand, and has been the scene of some more than usually successful missionary labours among the "Blacks." The people are, in many respects, similar to those on the Gold Coast, and the climate is equally unkind to Europeans, even if it is not more fatal. The forests and rocks and rivers have all their various gods, mostly malignant creatures of the native fancy; and to these the poor people, like those of Ashanti, continually offer sacrifices. Accidents of every kind, sickness, ill-luck in business, and untimely deaths, are attributed to these Ju-Jus, as they are called; and all who would stand well with them must offer sacrifices, human or otherwise, and be generous of their worldly goods in offerings to the priests. Many of the native tribes, however, have in recent years, thanks to the labours of Bishop Crowther and his successors, grown tired of their own gods and embraced Christianity; and, what is more satisfactory, support its ministers, and the various institutions—hospitals, schools, and workshops—they have established there. Chief of these is the family or tribe—a pretty numerous one—which has assumed the name of Allison. They have adopted Christianity to a larger extent than any other, and, with it, many of the customs of its European professors; though numbers of them still show a decided preference for their own institutions, especially for that which allows them a goodly number of wives. They display a keen interest, for Africans, in acquiring knowledge; but for the higher education of their women, or "book palaver," as they contemptuously call it, they have no enthusiasm whatever.

## AT THE GAIETY DOOR.

He lingers in Wellington Street,  
His eye on the Gaiety door;  
The rain and the tempest may beat,  
He lingers in Wellington Street,  
For the sound of her neat little feet,  
And waiting is never a bore.  
He lingers in Wellington Street,  
His eye on the Gaiety door.

B.



ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



A GOLD COAST WEDDING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. LOYD KNOX AND GRIMSHAW, THREADNEEDLE STREET.



CHIEF ALLISON OF BONNY AND HIS FAMILY.



MISS CLIFDEN, OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





MISS MARGARET HALSTAN, OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER DAKER STREET, N.W.

## MORTUARY CHAPELS OF MONASTERIES.

It may be remarked, without intending upon this occasion to disparage the Roman Catholic Church, that some very quaint curiosities of mediæval antiquity belong to the traditions and customs of the Monastic Orders in different countries of Europe. Viewed in relation to the condition of social life and manners at the period when those institutions chiefly flourished, no impartial student of history will deny that the monks who began in the sixth century to plant the abodes of learning and of the useful arts, with the sanctions of religion, in heathen lands or where barbarous violence had prevailed without restraint, were real benefactors, as well as Benedictines. Some credit may also be given to the professions of piety and charity with which, in a later age, the preaching and visiting friars undertook their task of supplementing the work of a negligent parochial clergy. It is true that their zeal for the spiritual welfare of mankind, in the course of two or three hundred years, was exchanged for such vulgar worldliness and greediness as called forth the severest censure and satire; Wyclif and Chaucer, in our own

fantastic whim of a gloomy-minded Superior, at a particular date, which established this dismal fashion of commemorating the dead by so questionable a decoration; but the same kind of exhibition is presented in Sicily, at the Capuchins' Convent of Monreale, a few miles from Palermo. No express decree of ecclesiastical authority, so far as we are aware, has ever been pronounced upon the propriety of the custom, which appears to be rather local and incidental. It does not follow necessarily from the authorised preservation of the relics of canonised saints.

## WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

Among the most interesting spheres of somewhat idle inquiry must be reckoned the question of the curious and often remote and tiny consequences which, unnoticed, attend events of world-wide importance. To take a somewhat insignificant instance first. Last winter's great frost gave an unusual stimulus to a small section of the cats'-meat trade, because crowds of people went down daily to the Embankment to watch



MUMMIES AND COFFINS OF CAPUCHIN FRIARS AT THE CONVENT OF MONREALE, NEAR PALERMO, SICILY.

country, and a host of Italian, French, and German contemporary witnesses, denounce the profligate friars. Nevertheless, we may be sure that they were not all bad, at any time, and that there was once a time when some of them did much good. It seems odd that those bound by the vows of an Order should have been called "the Religious," while the ordained priest who was vicar of a parish was regarded as one of the "Secular" clergy. The latter class naturally disliked those interlopers meddling with their flock, and usually nibbling at their fleece by soliciting gifts, which the mendicant style rendered not the less exacting. Bishops, and even the Pope, in repeated instances, were inclined to look askance on the friars, until the Church felt need of such instruments in her contest against Protestant doctrine.

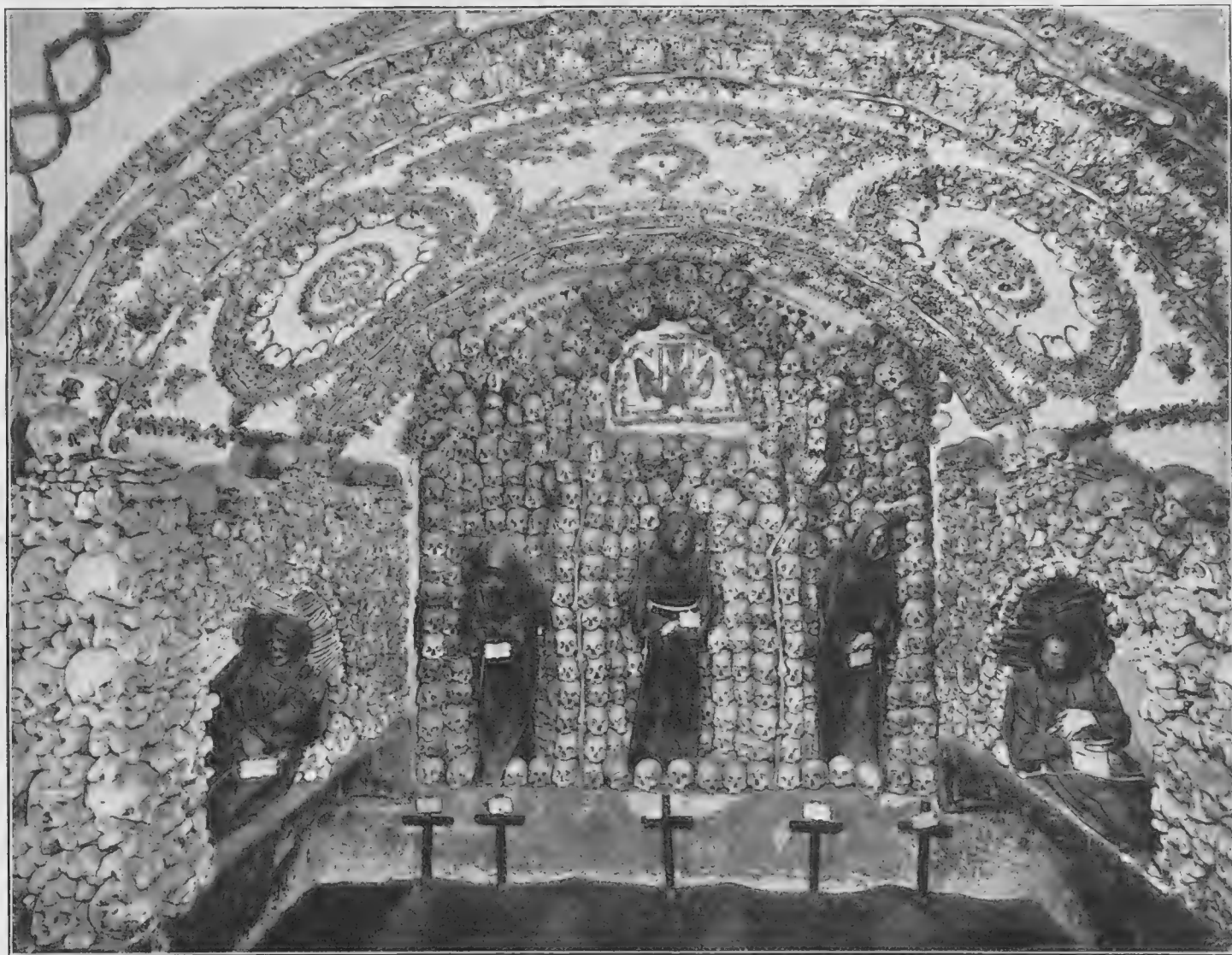
The Capuchins, a branch of the decaying Franciscan Order, came into existence so late as 1525, and derived their title from the Italian name of a large cowl attached to the frock of rough frieze at the back of the neck. They never amassed great wealth, or lived in such ease and luxury as some other friars had done; and the traveller in Italy at the present day will find them not unpopular in rural districts. Visitors to Rome are often tempted—it is a matter of taste—to inspect what we think is a horrid and ghastly display at the Church of the Capuccini. Our illustration shows what it is; the mummies of deceased Priors, and the skulls of a multitude of defunct brethren of that community, ranged along the walls. It may have been only the

the great ice-floes in the river and the thousands of gulls swooping this way and that. Hence a demand for something to feed the birds withal. Hence, also, the supply of the well-known barrows and baskets full of discoloured scraps of *fleisch*. At the present moment, what do you suppose is a very noticeable result of the recent alarms in Germany? The usual stream Home Office-wards of applications for certificates of naturalisation, or for instructions how to apply therefor, has been greatly swollen by numbers of Germans anxious to seek this protection—not necessarily complete, by the way—against being called upon to do military service in Germany. By-the-bye, the extent to which the number of British subjects is increased yearly by the naturalisation of aliens is probably but little recognised. Occasionally, alarming figures appear in the newspapers as to the swarm of alien immigrants to these shores—84,787 came in the year 1895—but their destiny is scarcely considered. A great many pass on to America; not a few simply stop here, and do not trouble about their nationality—the disabilities of an alien being now chiefly confined to the incapacity to vote—but a considerable multitude, after achieving the necessary five years' residence, apply for and obtain certificates of naturalisation as British subjects. For this privilege they have to pay £5, and the sums handed in to the Exchequer of late years on this account have amounted to upwards of £2000 annually, with a well-maintained tendency to "go better," in Stock Exchange parlance.





CHAPEL OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT AT ROME, WITH MUMMIES AND SKULLS OF FRIARS.



SKULLS AND MUMMIES OF CAPUCHIN FRIARS PRESERVED IN THEIR CONVENT AT ROME.



MISS DECIMA MOORE,  
WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET, TO MR. CECIL ANNESLEY WALKER-LEIGH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



CAREFUL MOTHER : Now, Maude, you must give me all your money to save. You know it will be as safe as in the bank with me.

MAUDE (*who has been there before*) : Yes, Mammy dear; *safer*, 'cause you *can* get it out of the bank.



"Here, waiter, bring us a blunt knife: I cut my mouth last time I was here."





CURATE (*log.*): Wonderful! It's the very old gentleman himself.

## "FAMOUS HORSES." \*

One of the best of recent books appealing directly to racing-men is "Famous Horses, with Portraits, Pedigrees, Principal Performances, and Descriptions of Races," by Theo Taunton. The author is nothing if not thorough, and he has dealt in a masterly manner with the Sport of Kings for a period ranging over nearly two centuries.



OLD PARTNER.

From a Painting by Seymour.

It seems the earliest mention of running-horses in England refers to those sent in the ninth century by Hugh, founder of the royal house of Capet, in France, as a present to King Athelstan. Present-day racegoers may be interested in learning that, in the reign of William the Conqueror, the Earl of Shrewsbury imported some stallions from Spain, and their produce were celebrated by Drayton, the poet. Mr. Taunton refers to racing having taken place in Smithfield in the reign of Henry II. That is partly true, only the facts of the case are these: Horse-dealers and others tried their horses for sale, and put up men who were termed "jockeys," but who were really "show men," to put them through their gallops. At this period, however, races actually took place in Hyde Park, a fact which, seemingly, has been overlooked by the author. Of the history of racing at Newmarket, most of it is known to the majority of sportsmen; but when Mr. Taunton comes to deal with horses he is at his best. A capital picture is given of The Darley Ambrose, the son of The Flying Childers. Old Partner, foaled in 1718, was the best racehorse of his time, and, judging from the portrait, he was of fine shape and beauty. Match 'Em, a descendant of Old Partner, was a strong-looking horse, with apparently plenty of barrel. He was foaled in 1733. It should be noticed that Match 'Em in twenty-three years had no less than 354 winners, with a total of £151,097. Other portraits include Marske, Jason, Brilliant, King Herod (from whom descended Florizel II. and Buccaneer), and Gimcrack, to perpetuate whose fame the Gimcrack Club at York was founded. A pause must be made at the name of Eclipse, who was foaled during the Great Eclipse in 1764. As all know, he was simply invincible, and, it seems, his great natural courage is accounted for by the fact that his heart weighed 14 lb. There are 370 illustrations of famous horses, including such favourites as Pot-8-os, Doctor Syntax, Sir Hercules, Touchstone, Crucifix, Vulcan, Stockwell, Rataplan, Wild Dayrell, Blink Bonny, and the champions of the last fifty years. Of the "modern" horses, the picture of Barcaldine will strike the man of the hour as being very natural. It might be added to the letterpress that Barcaldine's breeder did not make any money out of the horse, but Mr. R. Peek must have done well over his victory in the Northumberland Plate. The horse had his leg in a bucket all the previous night, but Fred Archer got him home all right. Barcaldine was "a rum 'un to look at, but a beggar to go." A full page of famous jockeys' portraits is not the least pleasing feature of the book.

## A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN.\*

Sir Henry Halford, the fashionable physician *par excellence* of the later Georgian era, was by birth a Vaughan and the son of a Leicester M.D. He not only took his medical degree at Oxford, but attained there a very fair familiarity with the classics. He began his medical career at Scarborough, where he became popular with its aristocratic visitors, having a handsome person and engaging manners. With a reputation for skill, he migrated, at twenty-six, to London, with good introductions, and made his way among the great and the distinguished. He had just turned thirty when he married the daughter of Lord St. John of Bletsoe, a match which strengthened his professional connection with the higher classes. A skilful, and certainly a fortunate, diagnosis materially advanced his rising fortunes. He ascribed to an abscess of the liver the malady which carried off the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the original of Gainsborough's famous portrait. His brother physicians differed from him, but a *post-mortem* examination proved that he had been in the right, and he sprang at once to the headship of his profession and to a practice unprecedentedly lucrative. His professional income was nearly ten thousand pounds when, with his usual good luck, he inherited the estate, which was worth more than £3000 a-year, of a kinsman named Halford, whose surname he exchanged for that of Vaughan. To his prestige as the chief physician of his time was added that arising from his position as a country gentleman of good landed estate. Created a baronet, he was, during the whole of the reign of George IV., the King's favourite physician, and became, in due course, President of the Royal College of Physicians. In his later years, he amused himself, like his friend the Marquis Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's brother, with the composition of Latin verses, a selection from which he published. When, in 1834, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had to deliver a speech in Latin, and it was to Sir Henry Halford that he

applied to turn his English draft into Latin. Dr. Munk prints the original and the translation. Sir Henry was in his seventy-eighth year when he died, in 1844. He was a courtly physician of an old school, who appears to have had more head of a certain kind than heart of any kind, more social tact than special medical skill, and to have been largely indebted to "deportment" for his success. Dr. Munk has had a very interesting career to deal with in the case of this fashionable physician of a bygone day, and he has told the story of Sir Henry's varied life with due amplitude of detail, and perhaps with more than due enthusiasm.

\* "The Life of Sir Henry Halford, Bart., President of the Royal College of Physicians, &c." By William Munk, M.D., Fellow and late Vice-President of the Royal College of Physicians. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.



BARCALDINE.

Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.



## BEHIND THE SCENES.

## III.—DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

Some half-hour or more before the performance of "Cinderella" commenced, our artist and I stood at the corner of Drury Lane, to watch the people arriving. Pit and gallery entrances were becoming more and more crowded every moment, while the great doors in the main street were never for one moment still. From all parts, and in all conveyances, children were arriving; they came on foot, or in cabs, carriages, and private omnibuses, in a state of animation and excitement



THE HUNTING SCENE.

that nothing but a combination of pantomime and Christmas holidays could evoke. Past the visitors, whom they scarcely paused to regard, singly, or in small groups, came some of the performers in the production, hurrying to the stage-door. They were easily to be distinguished from the rest, not so much by the traces of "make-up" and powder about their faces, as by the prompt, business-like way in which they proceeded to their work. Soon the last of them had passed, the doors of pit and gallery were opened, we knew that the huge auditorium was commencing to fill again, as it had filled earlier in the same day, and we strolled for half an hour round other theatres.

When we returned, the "House Full" placards were displayed at the entrance, and the disappointed visitors were being counselled by means of other notice-boards to go and console themselves with "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," at the Olympic. Knowing by experience that it would be impossible to see the ever busy Mr. Forsyth without half an hour's hard work, we went directly to the stage-door, sent a card up to Mr. Arthur Collins, the stage-manager, and, after passing a swing-door and mounting a short flight of steps, we found ourselves on the "O.P." side of the stage, where the pantomime had been in progress for a quarter of an hour.

Perhaps the first impression left upon the casual observer by the stage of Drury Lane is one of wonder at its size. At many London theatres movement is a matter of considerable difficulty during the performance, for the life of the visitor is a matter of no importance to the scene-shifters, who run huge "flats" just past his head or nearly over his feet, and swear by way of apology. Here there seemed room for everybody. The scene was one of the domestic interiors peculiar to pantomime, and, without being able to see, I could hear the Baron and Baroness wrangling. Herbert Campbell, as the Baron, seemed to be expostulating; Dan Leno, the Baroness, was putting her—or should it be his?—foot down. Behind the front cloth depicting the family kitchen, the stage-hands were setting a sylvan scene. There was a pretty suggestion of landscape, a carpet of grass, and some realistic trees. On the "O.P." side, various costers, in the traditional costume, were waiting to appear in the forest glade; there was the inevitable donkey-cart, and a donkey who required to be restrained from appearing before he

was due. I walked across the back of the stage to the "prompt" side, where I met with a surprise.

The surprise took the familiar form of Sir Augustus Harris, who was standing by the wings in *propria persona* and mufti. About mid-December I had seen the Knight of the Lane hard at work on the same stage, conducting rehearsals, surrounded by all his able assistants. I had watched him doing several things at once, and doing them well; but I never expected him to be still labouring when the pantomime had been pronounced a success, and had been running for some weeks to houses crowded twice a-day. It was, I thought, the period of *otium cum dignitate*, when he would sit, behind the well-known expansive shirt-front, in the director's box, or when he would be in his counting-house, counting out his money, like the king in the nursery rhyme. It was a mistaken notion of mine; he was in evidence, watching every proceeding, keenly weighing the effect of different pieces of business upon the laughter-loving crowd in front. This work was more the expression of an active habit than a matter of necessity, for in Arthur Collins Sir Augustus possesses a very capable stage-manager, who has every trick of the trade at his fingers' ends, who can keep one eye on a changing scene, and control a *corps de ballet* with the other, while intuitive perception reveals what is going on behind him. Moreover, he has a smart assistant in the stage-management.

Cinderella's parents, together with her two ugly sisters, had now disappeared, the back-cloth had gone skywards, applause greeted the sylvan scene aforesaid. It was a "meet" that had brought numbers of pretty women on horseback to the side of the stage; there were dogs and huntsmen, a brave show. Our artist I discovered in a comfortable corner, sketching one of the prettiest of the fair huntresses. This is a way our artist has acquired; he will sketch pretty women by the hour, and the exercise seems to agree with him. However, in this particular instance he did not have very long for his work, for the fair one turned round and rode on to the stage in the wake of her companions, singing a pretty hunting-chorus, written by J. M. Glover, who was directing the orchestra, and has composed much tuneful and dainty music for the pantomime, to say nothing of committing a musical outrage, to which I shall presently refer.

Englishmen are naturally chivalrous, and my native chivalry was very nearly put to the test. After the hunting people had gone in pursuit of the fox, and the costers and their clever dance were things of



Mr. Dan Leno.

Mr. Herbert Campbell.

THE BALL SCENE.

the past, some demon in black came up a trap and promised to do a good bit of unnecessary damage. As soon as she had left the premises, poor Cinderella came on the stage, and, presumably owing to the perversity of that good-for-nothing demon, a snow-storm commenced. It didn't occur in the wings, but just came over the unfortunate girl who hadn't even brought out an umbrella with her. I at once thought it my

duty to go down to the stage door-keeper and borrow one from him, but, as I looked up to see whether the sky showed signs of clearing, I discovered an infamous deception. The snow was ordinary common white paper, tied up in a long, leaky box, and shaken over the stage by men up aloft. I don't believe it was cold, or that Cinderella felt a bit chilled. Even when Ada Blanche came and covered her with a cloak, I didn't believe it, and my disbelief was justified. No sooner did another cloth come down and hide the landscape, than men came on to the stage with brooms, and, collecting that snow, put it back into the original basket. I haven't the least doubt but that the one lot of snow will serve for an entire production. Truly, "things are not what they seem."

Shortly after this affecting incident, a gentleman came up to me and begged my pardon preparatory to asking if I did not represent *The Sketch*. "Tu recte quoque," I murmured, hoping he was not a good Latin scholar; and he told me he did not speak French, but would be obliged, and take it as a personal favour, if I would say something nice about him. He had only a small part, but he always got a laugh. He then told me his name, which, to my shame be it confessed, I have entirely forgotten. However, I promised to say something nice about him, and take this opportunity of observing that he made-up very well indeed, and he always gets a laugh. After brief converse with Sir Augustus, I was again accosted, this time by Herr T—I give it up—who is the director of the clever Grigolatis troupe of flying fairies. Their apparatus, which clearly gave the show away, was at the side, and he begged me not to reveal the secret of the mechanism by which the aerial evolutions were worked. I gave the required promise, and received a bow that would have moved a five-barred gate. Again my ignorance of names holds my pen, for there was one angel in the Grigolatis troupe to whom I would have devoted an entire paragraph did I but know how she is called. I think I should have made her acquaintance, for I don't see why our artist should monopolise the most charming of the fair sex; but, just as I was about to do or die, she sailed away in mid-air, and left me disconsolate.

A beautiful ballet divertissement was now on, and I stood in the wings to see it. The combinations of colour, the rhythm of movement and music, the pretty faces—all these things were a source of delight to me. Sir Augustus stood by my side; for a moment even he seemed content. "What do you understand about embroidery?" he asked me. "Nothing at all," I replied, rather indignant at the suggestion that I ought to understand something appertaining to the domain of the other sex. The Knight sighed. "Come here, my girl," he said to a nice-looking fairy, and she straightway left her thinking part to the nearest understudy and approached us. "Look at that cloak," said the Lessee of the Lane. "What do you think of it?" I looked. On a floor of white satin, lovely flowers stood up in all directions, worked in various coloured silks. The decorations on that cloak reminded me of descriptions of armour by Homer. I confessed that the magnificence left nothing to be desired. "These costumes have cost more than those of all our procession of beautiful women a year or so ago," said the Knight. I thought of Eve, Lady Godiva, and others, and was scarcely surprised; but I looked as incredulous as a Marlborough Street magistrate. "A fact," continued Sir Augustus. "Most of these dresses were made in Paris, regardless of expense. Those Court-dresses might be worn at St. James's. Such a scene as this costs more than everything in another pantomime put together."

It is only fair to confess that the dresses worn by supers and chorus in "Cinderella" would be considered good enough for the principals in any other pantomime I have ever seen outside the Lane. And they are in good taste, and harmonise, so that the effect is the best that is possible.

From my corner I caught a first glimpse of the auditorium, or part of it. What a crowd it was!—three juveniles to one adult, and all of them laughing and applauding for all they were worth. Herbert Campbell was now singing a song with the refrain "In the Strand," and it was taking the house by storm. I could see the box from which, some years ago, I fell violently in love with the fairy queen. She was of the 'alls, and I met her in after years at an inaugural supper. She called me "My dear" when I had known her five minutes, but the undying, devoted passion of nearly three years only survived our meeting by five short minutes, and then died a violent death.

So far, everything had gone well; but there was a shock in store for me. There was something wrong about the music: vague suggestions of opera were floating about, and suddenly I recognised the truth. "Micky" Glover, as his friends call him—a man I respect as a composer, a critic, and a hard-worker—was taking liberties with Wagner. There were *motifs* from "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and other exquisite operas, being turned and twisted and put into ill-fitting rhythms, and nobody was protesting against the musical holocaust, which was enough to have made the Bayreuth master turn in his grave. What spirit of irreverence had prompted such an impious joke?

The orchestral crime came to an end, but I remained faint, weary, and overcome. I was dimly conscious of a transformation-scene, in which Sir Augustus again surpassed himself, yet I should have remained in a comatose condition all night but for a hideous noise of rattles. Looking hurriedly round, I saw a gruesome sight. A clown, whitened and painted as is the wont of clowns, a pantaloons to match, a policeman, several policemen. I knew them; they were going to jump on to the stage in less than a minute; the clown was going to remark that there he was again. He would then proceed to transgress the decrees of law, order, and humour for several minutes, and through one or two scenes. I hurried up to our artist. "If you value your life," I whispered, "let us go. There's a Harlequinade over there." With a hurried adieu to the management, we fled.

S. L. B.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The conversion of Prince Boris of Bulgaria would furnish material for a delightful comic opera, were it not that it would seem too absurdly profane and profanely absurd to be tolerated on the stage. That the peace of the East hinges on the anointing of a baby, as a means of transferring him to another Church, is sufficiently ridiculous to lend a colour to the views of those historians who derive great events from small causes. For years Ferdinand of Coburg has pined in the shade of unofficial sovereignty. Russia would not recognise him, Turkey did not dare; and nobody else cared greatly. In vain did he grovel and groan, send deputations, and allow the man who made him to be hacked to pieces in the open street. Not even the "removal" of Stamboulouff—gentle and euphemistic term—availed to earn the Prince a Russian ribbon, or to allow the chiropodists on whom he bestowed *his* order to wear their insignia in public. But Boris is to be touched with the due chrism, and at once a Russian representative flies to be present at the ceremony, and a Turkish envoy must needs follow suit, and Ferdinand will be a duly recognised potentate, and all will be gas and gaiters, or at least, crosses and chiropodists.

The danger of this sudden triumph is that it may lead the happy father to convert Boris too freely. Having got so much by making his baby Orthodox, he may go further. To be sure, he has offended his own and his wife's relations, and Leo XIII. is much annoyed; but the Princess will not be likely to try for a divorce, and, if Ferdinand can no longer draw on his mother for funds, the finances of Russia are in fair order. On the whole, to one of Ferdinand's nature, the advantages of his action far outweigh the inconveniences. The West has anathematised him, he loftily remarks; he turns to the East. And, indeed, it is Eastern to get rid of deposed Viziers, though the bowstring is far more orderly and decent than the methods of a Bulgarian political vendetta. But it may be that, to obtain some special favour from the Sultan, Boris will be convinced that Mohammed was the prophet of Allah; then, again, to secure the decoration of the Spread-Eagle, third class, with crossed pokers, Boris may embrace the particular form of hypocrisy in vogue at the German Court.

Should Ferdinand find it advisable to take up the cause of the Macedonians or Armenians, we may look to see Boris blossom out as the possessor of a Nonconformist conscience, or be welcomed by a message from "Julia" into the New Something-or-Other that is the church of Mr. Stead. Finally, to induce Semitic capitalists to find a loan, Boris may become a proselyte, and submit to whatever rites may be necessary to make him an orthodox Israelite. Where Boris will end it is impossible to predict—perhaps in the Salvation Army. Meanwhile, let us trust that the Holy Synod will not fail to embody, in a suitable tract, this remarkable instance of early conversion to the Orthodox faith.

The sudden flight of Mr. Rhodes to the country that bears his name has aroused a somewhat unreasonable clamour on the part of those who wish to denounce him. He has presumably told Mr. Chamberlain and his own Directors all that he was going to tell them, and for him to make a public statement would have been to prejudice the conduct of the approaching trial. Until "Dr. Jim" is tried, it is impossible to say what is the degree of responsibility attaching to his former chief. If wanted as a witness in the trial, Mr. Rhodes will doubtless return. Meanwhile, those who attack him would be somewhat puzzled to know what good he could do by staying on. Whatever statement he might make would be believed by his friends and denied by his foes, and much ink would be shed to no purpose. Meanwhile, the legitimate domain of the Company, deprived of its Administrator and the bulk of its police, and apparently about to give up the control of any armed forces, needs reorganisation. The "music" Mr. Rhodes came home to face was not the "chin music" of Radicals who bow before the arch-reactionary Krüger for no other reason, apparently, than that he has victoriously opposed British power.

However, the worthy President is about, not for the first time, to see the wickedness of London and realise his superior virtue. Certainly it would be well to show him all courtesy, including a naval review and the best we can do in the military way. And, if a nearer view of their idol is desired by the Little Englanders, they might be assigned as a guard of honour to the sturdy old Boer. It would be a little rough on the President, but it would serve them right.

The fact is that it will be a mistake to overrate the importance of the late futile raid and rising. President Krüger has done a fair amount of filibustering himself as a young man, and has not very actively discouraged that industry among the Boers since then. Krüger's fellow-burgers tried to rush Charterland years ago, and Dr. Jameson checked them; now the raiding is the other way. It is a rough country, and rough methods are in use there. There is no need for huge moral indignation and talk of "dastardly conspiracies" or "ruffians." It is, perhaps, natural, though shortsighted, that the peasant oligarchy of Pretoria should think of the Uitlanders as mere sponges to be squeezed of wealth. It is even more natural for the squeezed ones to resent this treatment, and for certain of the bolder spirits to wish to transfer the power of squeezing from the Boers to themselves. If we cant about the infamy and guilt of Dr. Jameson's ill-judged enterprise, we merely invite President Krüger to deny all concessions and reject all advice.—MARMITON.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Perhaps no English novelist has given us so convincing a picture of Russian life as Mr. H. Seton Merriman in "The Sowers" (Smith, Elder). It is a story in which political and social troubles play a great part, but Nihilists hardly any at all. Though its air is full of excitement and intrigue, it is not very sensational—at least, its interest is not derived from sensationalism. In every way save one, it is a work which this very able story-teller may well be proud of. The gloomy fascination of the Russian landscape, the overpowering, intoxicating effect of the great Volga on those who live or wander on its banks, the beauty and the wonder of the silent forests, are presented in a way that only Russian writers have surpassed. But Mr. Merriman has not given us mere echoes of Turgenev's nature-poems. He speaks with evident knowledge of the country, its conditions, and its inhabitants—nobles, moujiks, and bears. His hero, Prince Paul Howard Alexis, is simply enough made, being little more than a well-blended mixture of two types, the Russian idealist and the Englishman of resolution and practical aims. But the result is original and impressive, a hero such as one rarely gets nowadays, save as a failure from the incapable hands of sentimentalists. Then he is the spokesman—or rather, the representative, for he is a silent person—of an attitude which is the noblest and the least commonplace under the sun. What gives the book its best distinction is its portrayal of an idealism which faces and owns the ugly facts of life, which expects nothing, but works on with a faith in results so remote that they are invisible and incredible to all save the worker.

By way of varying his entertainment, Mr. Merriman introduces us to some diplomatists of the good, old-fashioned, enigmatical sort, who breathe venom in bland compliments, discover the secrets of kings in each other's handshakes, and to whom bamboozling is the very breath of life. Whether they exist or not in our dull world doesn't much matter; they are very good for the by-play of fiction. There is, as I have said, only one serious fault in the book, a fault that occurs again and again in the work of this novelist, who has such excellent stories to tell, and who has so firm a grip of life. A writer of such strong feelings should hold himself in better, for his outbursts against certain types and tendencies of to-day have the air, not of dignified anger, but of scolding.

Mr. William Wallace has spent much time and labour over his new edition of Chambers's "Burns," the first volume of which is now out. The original plan has been adhered to, the poems being "strung in strict chronological order upon the memoir." But the fruitful labours of forty years—those of Mr. Scott Douglas, Mr. Aitken, and many others—have been incorporated, and the book is practically a new one. Mr. Wallace is a keen sifter of biographical matter, and, besides adding some excellent commentaries on literary and theological matters, he has squashed two recent theories relating respectively to Burns's ancestry and to the most romantic incident of his career. The first may be given up a little reluctantly. The legend that Burns was not a Burns, but a Campbell, the descendant of a wandering tribe of Celtic satirists, was romantic and picturesque. Readers will remember the theory dealt with in full in the first number of the *Evergreen*. But the other theory was an attack on the honour of Highland Mary. Mr. Wallace comes hot and speedy to the rescue, fights toughly for her fair name; and whoso is not convinced, after this trial by combat, of the purity of the dear departed shade, must be a sorry creature, battenning on scandal, and not worth convincing.

"A Wandering Scholar in the Levant" (Murray) is a more timely and popular book than its name suggests. The writer, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, tells us a good deal more about the Levant than about his scholarly researches. He is an archaeologist, but with eyes in his head for quite modern things, and his amusing account of the difficulties with peasants and officials in getting a sight of written stories is the nearest approach to archaeology we are offered. But of the Armenians he has a good deal to say, and he says it very frankly; and, whether he be a weighty man or not, he has been in the country, and first-hand evidence counts for something, even though it cool the fervour stirred by "The Purple East." On Cyprus and the Cypriotes he holds strong opinions, too, and they are not very favourable to our conduct towards that island. Politicians might do worse than read what a non-political observer thinks on the matter. But it is the chapter on Egypt which is the most original and suggestive. Egyptologists and sanguine politicians will not like it, for it strives to knock down a great many of their illusions. The country is very old and very mysterious, and scholars have credited it with a magnificent past, a spiritual power, and a lofty artistic ideal, which, he declares, it never had. Mr. Hogarth admits the glamour, the charm, but behind the glamour he will have it that candour finds mostly barrenness. And as for the sanguine politician with hopes of reforming and developing the Fellah—the Fellah is so much older than the reformer and the would-be developer; he has seen so many such attempts, and has survived all, and been influenced by none. The last word is always with the Nilot. I hope archaeology may never claim Mr. Hogarth wholly for its own. He has in him the makings of an excellent philosophic traveller.

One always takes up a novel from the house of Blackwood with respect, and some confidence that it will neither be flimsy nor violent, also that it will be written in decent English. Two very readable books with that house's imprint have come in my way recently. One, "A Foreigner," by E. Gerard, though not so brilliant as her sister's picture of Galician life in "The Wrong Man"—published also by

Blackwood, a few weeks ago—contains, nevertheless, some admirable studies of Austrian character and some amusing national contrasts. The other is a book of short stories, of which the first, "Theatricals," gives its name to the volume. The writer, described as "Author of 'Miss Molly,'" has unmistakable if inconstant talent. There are some distinct misses among the tales, and there are a few brilliant successes, especially in the delineation of women's characters. o. o.

## "HER OWN DEVICES."\*

Novelists who describe the stage usually fall into one of two extremes. Either they paint life behind the scenes in romantic colours, or they overload it with sordid detail. Now the theatrical world is not full of enchantment, nor is it a region in which all the vices stalk about undraped and unabashed. It has

a saving quality of commonplace, which keeps it out of extravagant fantasy, whether of squalor or romance. Mr. Compton knows it well, and he has drawn it in this novel with a light and tolerant hand. He does not treat of the emotions and adventures of dramatic genius or even talent; the chief interest of the story centres in the amorous experiments of an actress with very slender capacities for her profession, one of the innumerable ladies with striking hair, and passable figures, who may be seen any afternoon in the Strand, carrying the little books in brown-paper covers which are the sign-manuals of their calling. Susan Stanier's hair is a fine shade of copper, very impressive when she lets it down. She has "seaweed eyes,"



MR. C. G. COMPTON.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

better for flirtation than for the footlights; her family is respectable, though papa dabbles in stocks and shares which are more than dubious. It is an innocent sort of dabbling, which produces very little money, and is prompted more by an inventive turn of mind than by cupidity or the instinct for business. Susan has the inventive turn, with rather more acquisitiveness, which takes a bent towards the subjugation of man, as a means for the achievement of social advantages. Unluckily for her, the ambition of an adventuress is hampered by certain defects, which Mr. Compton sets forth in a capital passage of analysis—

Her inclinations were checked by her caution, her calculations were neutralised by her impulses. This character came out in her art. She could actually do nothing, whether it were acting, singing, or composing. A balanced mediocrity, she had not the energy of talent or the patience of industry. In class, station, character, and action, Susan was intermediate. A little lower than the ladies, she topped the chorus. She was of those who look at rich men's tables and do not eat at them—who make up penultimate fashions in cheaper materials; the class who envy the wealthy, and long for a luxury they have never known; and who do not know why they are ill at ease if they get into a society which they are only superficially fit for.

Susan, in short, is Becky without genius. She manages for a time to steal the husband of her best friend, but does not know what to do with him; the position of a woman of this kind, helpless in her own conquests, has seldom been so well imagined. The harvest of the "seaweed eyes" is reaped, but not garnered. Finally, an early miscalculation is brought to light, and destroys the whole crop. Yet you cannot help liking Susan; her cleverness is attractive, and you regret that she is not clever enough; when she drops into solecisms, such as the rains of yesteryear, instead of the snows, you feel that personal pang which strikes any susceptible man who sees a pretty woman airing inaccurate knowledge. Susan's labours to acquire the manners of social distinction are really pathetic.

A county family impressed her. She tried to catch the family tone from Ryan. She read novels about county society, which appeared to consist in sport, and meals, and baths. Hunt breakfasts, "shoot" luncheons, and men who couldn't be kept out of baths. The eldest son always quarrelled with the squire about cutting off the entail. Ryan said of course they did. A man had to look after his father. In the end Susan found that not a M.F.H., not a J.P., best expressed the country gentleman. That was reserved for the man with the spud. Round him county society revolved. To put a middle-aged man with a spud in a field was the great achievement of the landlords.

These studies are made abortive by the detection of an early indiscretion; and down comes the house of cards which Susan is constantly refurnishing according to the best models. You are sorry for the collapse, but grateful to Mr. Compton for an entertaining book. A.

\* "Her Own Devices." By C. G. Compton. Pioneer Series. London: W. Heinemann.

## SOCIETY ON CYCLES.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.21; to-morrow, 6.23; Feb. 21, 6.25; Feb. 22, 6.26; Feb. 23, 6.28; Feb. 24, 6.30; Feb. 25, 6.32. When to extinguish:—To-day, 6.9; to-morrow, 6.7; Feb. 21, 6.5; Feb. 22, 6.3; Feb. 23, 6.1; Feb. 24, 5.59; Feb. 25, 5.57.

I wonder how many of those who swing themselves carelessly into the saddle stop to bestow a thought on the amount of care and skill expended on the manufacture of the bicycle. It is probably the last consideration of the average wheelman. He sees the machine before him, a model of perfection, glittering in the rays of the sun, complete in its every detail, and he lets it stand at that. After all, he might think, it is none of his business. But a superficial knowledge will do him or her no harm, to say no more.

According to Mr. Cleveland Moffett, who has made a close and interesting analysis, the manufacture of the modern bicycle presents one of the most complex and delicate problems known in engineering—a problem more difficult of solution than the construction of a bridge, a locomotive, or a twenty-storey building. The reason is that what scientists call the “factor of safety” is lower in a bicycle than in almost any other mechanical product, and is growing still lower every year as the machines are made lighter. In high-pressure guns, the “factor of safety” is often as great as 20, which means that the guns are made twenty times as strong as is theoretically necessary for the strain they must bear. In ordinary guns the “factor of safety” is 12, in boilers it is about 6, in bridges it is usually 5, and in almost every construction or machine it is at least 4, these wide margins of extra strength being considered necessary as an offset to errors in theoretical computations, or defects in construction and material.

All this is, of course, different in the manufacture of bicycles. Something like a score of years ago, a substantial “factor of safety” was allowed, but the tendency has ever been to lessen the weight. The lighter a bicycle is made, the faster it will go, and the greater will be the strain put upon it; but, on the other hand, the less becomes its strength for resisting the strain. In fact, it is believed that 1.25 is now the reduced “factor of safety.” The effect of this is that, if any joint, or screw, or bolt, or bit of wire fails in strength by only so much as 25 per cent. of what is expected of it, the bicycle may be crippled. It is incumbent upon every cyclist to assure himself in all cases that lightness has not been obtained at the expense of rigidity and strength. I will go deeper into the subject at some future date.

Taxation of cycles is coming. This statement is not engendered of a presentiment, but of actual knowledge. Taxation has been hovering in the air much as the sword of Damocles was sustained on a single thread.

Of course, the idea has been vigorously denied. It would not be a certainty had it not been. But I think I can say with safety that the day is not far distant when every owner of a spoked steed will have to pay for the luxury.

I understand that Mr. R. W. Ashe is to move a resolution in opposition to the proposed taxation of cycles at the forthcoming meeting of the East Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire Centre of the N.C.U. at Hull on Monday next.

I am glad to hear that the Marquis of Londonderry has granted the Silksworth Colliery Club the use of a plot of ground for cycle and running tracks. Amateurs only will be allowed.

That the cycle is practically recognised by the military authorities was manifest the other day, when a detachment of the Rifle Brigade carried a despatch from Aldershot to York by wheel. One or two delays were incurred in consequence of punctured tyres, but the men were quite fresh when the journey was finished.

The Mayor of Toronto, viewed from a cyclist's standpoint, is evidently made of the right sort of stuff. On succeeding to the office recently, he ordained that thereafter in the construction of streets the Council should pay special attention to the needs of cyclists by paving a part of each street with the most suitable material for them. Where asphalt or brick is not laid down, strips should be put in first-class shape for bicycle-riders.

It is actions such as these which tend to raise the sport of cycling to a high level. It can hardly be credited that there should still exist people so old-fashioned—or, shall we say, selfish, to put it courteously—as to bear causeless antipathy to the muffled wheel. One could understand the cycle when it was in its novitiate, so to speak, incurring gibes and jeers and chaff; but now that it has come to be a very necessary of life, surely it and its associates should be treated with respect.

It is not as if the disciples of the bicycle were limited to the masses. Nearly every prominent lady and gentleman famous histrionically or socially or politically can now be seen pedalling along with the rest of them. To deery cycling is akin to deprecating hunting, or say, skating. There is nothing indelicate in a lady riding a bicycle. Indeed, if it were only more generally recognised how becoming ladies do look upon the wheels, the small minority of detractors would soon fine down to vanishing-point.

I sincerely trust that the rational costume will never become popular in England. Across the “herring-pond,” “bloomers” are, as we know, all the rage. They have their own tastes in America, and those tastes

are not always English. Many of us will sigh with regret if the day come when ladies are tempted to go out in brazen knickerbockers. We are, as a race, sticklers for tradition, and we like to see ladies attired in the traditional costume. From a spectacular point of view, the short skirt can give the “knickerbockers” a long start and a beating. And, providing that the material be not too heavy, the facilities afforded for comfort and ease will be almost as great.

According to Lady Griffin, who has been replying to Lady Jeune's observations on cycling for women, the pastime should not be indulged in by ladies over thirty-three years of age. May we, then, take the cycle in the future as a gauge to age? One can well picture the lady of slightly uncertain years rushing to purchase the machine as a means to public assurance that she has not yet reached two-score or so.

“I am always very particular,” continues Lady Griffin, “to have the seat fixed pretty high; it looks so much more graceful. When it is low, the knees are so raised that their aspect when riding is painfully unbecoming.” It is significant to note that appearance is, with ladies, perhaps an even greater consideration than comfort. Well, there is nothing to grumble at in this. A pretty woman, prettily set upon a machine, makes a graceful break in the monotony of ugliness in the public road.

A lady reader writes for advice. She desires to go in for cycling exercise, but, being nervous and weak, suggests that she should purchase a tricycle on account of its safety. Let me advise my correspondent to reconsider her intention. A bicycle is far easier of propulsion than a tricycle, and, so long as the lady schools herself to preserve confidence, quite as safe. I should recommend her to purchase a machine rather light, and certainly not too high—a bicycle, in fact, which permits of an easy, upright attitude.

The amateur and professional question has not yet been answered in cycling circles, and it is as much a “bogey” here as in football. One can easily sympathise with the National Cyclists' Union in their crusade after purity in a pastime, but I should imagine that experience had taught everybody the utter futility of banging the human head against the inhuman wall.

Professionalism in cycling is bound to be quite as successful as it is in most other sports. It is an evil, of course. Payment for recreation is, on the face of it, anomalous. In fact, sport then ceases to be a sport, and becomes a business, neither more nor less. But, so long as cyclists can be found to race for a living, so long as it is worth employers' while to engage them, and so long as the public does not seem to mind, there surely ought to be an end to the matter.

As everybody knows, the amateurs, the strictest amateurs in the football world, have made the best of a bad job, and have submitted to *fin-de-siècle* developments. If football amateurs are content to play with and against professionals, then it is high time the National Cyclists' Union let itself go. Nobody will deny that the cycling professional is, to say the least, quite up to the class of his football prototype. It is absurd to imagine that his presence among amateurs would demoralise or degrade them. The attitude of the National Cyclists' Union appears to me sublimely incongruous. They recognise amateurs, and they recognise professionals: they go further, and recognise the cross between the two, and christen them makers' amateurs—a species of humanity deserving of inclusion in Madame Tussaud's. That was their first step in the wrong direction. We are simple-minded enough to accept black and white as the only possible extremes. Having thus stepped into the quicksand of quixotism, it might have been expected that the National Cyclists' Union would have made some worthy attempt to scramble out. Instead, they have sunk deeper and deeper. They license the professional, but refuse to permit him to ride in company with amateurs. Already the consequences are visible. If things go on in their present groove, the professionals will precious soon swamp the National Cyclists' Union, just as the Football Association now possesses an ægis over all amateur organisations.

I wonder how many amateur cyclists there are who realise the necessities of careful diet? I am afraid there are many who go out on an empty stomach, while others fly to the opposite extreme, and mount the cycle immediately after partaking of a heavy meal. It needs not the scientist to explain that the natural consequence of a heavy meal is a state of fatigue and lassitude. There is no danger in taking light nourishment during a long day's riding, but the refreshment should be moderate. The big meal of the day should be delayed till the end of the ride. Even in this, however, there is a danger—when, for instance, bed is immediately resorted to. I do not suggest that cyclists should stint themselves in the matter of meals; but it is important to point out that, unless digestion is properly studied, the desired benefits from cycling are absolutely nullified. If a ride before breakfast possess attractions, some light repast will do no harm. Business-men who occasionally find it incumbent upon them to travel immediately after a substantial meal would do well to preserve a very moderate pace.

OUTRIDER.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The end of the season is in sight. So say the superficial observers. We who study the game know better. So long as there are International matches to be played, the season has a fine spell of life before it.

It is remarkable how universally popular International matches are. The Football Association Cup is undoubtedly a tremendously important event, and I do not doubt that we get better football out of the League matches. But it is the Internationals which appeal to the public's hearts. They know that an International match cannot possibly yield what may be called scientific football, for the ample reason that the all-important essential combination is bound to be absent. But, even while knowing this, they look forward to the annual meetings with feverish interest.

The Rugby Country Championship is practically decided, but as yet no start has been made with the Association matches. From a close study of the season's form, I should say that England's chances this season are even better than heretofore. It will be remembered that last year we crushed Ireland, sat upon Scotland, but unaccountably failed to defeat Wales. Indeed, it was only by the merest luck that we came through with a draw.

I do not want to detract from the credit which is honestly due to Wales for drawing with a country which invariably proves the conqueror, but I do not think it will be denied that a totally different result would be arrived at did the same teams meet again. On the occasion in question, at the Queen's Club, a purely amateur side was pitted against the representatives of the Principality. The side represented the full strength of amateur football, which is synonymous with saying that it was a Corinthian team. So consistently successful are the players who constituted it that I doubt very much whether there will be many alterations this time, presuming, of course, that the amateurs will again be given a free hand against either Wales or Ireland. G. B. Raikes, the Oxonian, still remains without a superior as a goal-keeper in the South. Capable as he was last year, he has even improved, and I suppose he will again be the honoured player.

For backs, we still have Lodge—who is, doubtless, the grandest player in that position in the kingdom—and Oakley. These men are still at the zenith of their fame and ability, and, now that Fry is not available, there seems very little opposition to their chances, though E. H. Bray, the Cambridge captain, will doubtless be considered.

The new-comers among the half-backs are L. W. Reynolds, of Oxford, and B. Middleditch, late of Cambridge. Reynolds's chance may be at once disposed of, for, although he is a splendid centre-half, and a man likely to be heard of to advantage in the future, he has the misfortune, like W. N. Winckworth, who was absent last year, to be competitive with C. Wreford-Brown. The latter is, of course, a certainty. For that matter, A. G. Henfrey is sure to be also again selected; but I should be very much surprised if R. R. Barker, of last year's team, does not give way to Middleditch. Barker played a poor game against Wales, but I am convinced he played in nothing like his true form. There will be not much damage done either way, for Middleditch is a very determined player, and, above all, never loses his head.

Forward, G. O. Smith, R. R. Sandilands, and M. H. Stanbrough are pretty sure to keep their places. No player has been more successful, or more consistent (which is a far greater consideration), than Sandilands. He it was who saved England the match last year, when, after coming from the wing to his old position of inside-left, he broke through all opposition in the good old glorious fashion, and beat Trainor with a shot which might have sent the ball to Jericho if it hadn't been for the net in between. Smith is the same old, or rather, young Smith, but Stanbrough played a shocking game against Wales. Still, there is no getting away from the Old Carthusian's ability—he is, in my opinion, the most subtle dribbler in the kingdom, and so, I suppose, he will again be found at outside-left. R. C. Gosling, for private reasons, chiefly connected with the death of his father, has played little, while G. P. Dewhurst seems to have vanished from football altogether. I would like to see G. H. Cotterill once more brought into the team, where his weight should prove decidedly useful, while the other place might be filled by S. S. Taylor, of Cambridge, a player young in years but a veteran in skill.

Against the other minor country—Wales and Ireland will doubtless pardon me for alluding to them in that perfunctory manner—England can place a team of professionals in the field capable of winning by a healthy margin. For the position of goal-keeper, the candidates are J. W. Sutcliffe, H. Storer, and J. Hillman; for backs we can rely upon J. W. Crabtree, who, however, has been rather spoiled by Aston Villa, seeing that he has been shifted about from back to half with painful lack of judgment; R. Holmes, of Preston North End; J. Powell, of the Arsenal; J. Graham, of Millwall; W. Williams, of West Bromwich Albion, and M. J. Earp, of Sheffield Wednesday. There will be no difficulty in finding forwards. J. Goodall, although he is retiring at the end of this season, is still well worth his place at centre, and it is well-nigh a certainty that Bassett and Bloomer will form the right wing. For outside-left I can think of no better choice than Geddes, of Millwall, with whom will probably be placed Chadwick, of Everton.

## CRICKET.

Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers at the Cape are rapidly bringing their tour to a close. I have already had occasion to comment on the disappointment of Englishmen in the progress of their representatives. I

am afraid that the majority of us did not make sufficient allowance for a natural improvement in African cricket. When the team went away, I was one of the first to regret its strong composition, and was fearful for the fate in store for the players at the Cape.

For that matter, I must still express myself astonished at the turn events have taken. Perhaps Lord Hawke's team could have been improved a little in the bowling; but, on the whole, it was a side which I am convinced, would give any of our home counties a beating. It was not, of course, anticipated that Tyler, of Somerset, would prove such a complete frost. They have treated his slow break-bowling at the Cape with supreme contempt, and the vigour and confidence with which they belaboured him must put to shame some of our own cracks, who potter about in defence against Tyler's deliveries in a manner which invites disaster.

Lohmann's success in Africa has been very pleasing. He is, it is true, the only first-class bowler in the combination; but, compared with the failure of his *cœnfères*, George has fairly covered himself with glory. In the match against the Eighteen of Port Elizabeth, he took, in the first innings, fifteen wickets for 38 runs, and in the second, eleven for 44. It is rather a pity that he was run out for 0, because a century innings would have nicely rounded off the performance.

## GOLF.

I am informed that the Spring Tournament of the Aberdeen Club is to be held on April 29.

As was generally expected, Mr. Cooper Dean's offer of two acres of land for £8000, and to lease a further area for pleasure-grounds only, at a nominal rent of £5, has been accepted by the Bournemouth Town Council. It is their intention to abandon the proposal to improve and extend the links, at a cost of nearly £700. They have, I am informed, made arrangements with the railway company for the sale of a piece of land at Boscombe, whereon will be erected a new station.

The following are some of the most important fixtures to be decided during the ensuing week—

- Feb. 22—Royal Epping Forest Golf Club: Gordon Cup, Captain's Prize, Monthly Medal.
- „ 22—Lytham and St. Anne's Club: Captain's Cup.
- „ 22—Enfield Golf Club: Bogey Competition (Kenilworth Cup).
- „ 25—Enfield Golf Club: Ladies' Bogey Competition (Wyndcroft Prize).

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Several serious accidents have taken place to jumpers of late, and many good horses have broken their legs, and have had to be destroyed. When horses repeatedly hit the guard-rail of a fence, it is a pretty sure sign that the take-off is bad, and, to remedy this, I would suggest that tan, peat, or sand be laid down for five yards on the take-off side of all fences where the ground happens to be soft. Some riders may argue that horses would shy at the sand or tan, but I very much doubt it. Anyway, I am certain, if this wrinkle were adopted, very many fewer jumpers would have to be shot on the course than is the case at present.

I was told, a day or two since, that two jockeys have taken £10,000 to £100 between them about naming the winner of the double event, the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National. I hardly think the story worthy of credence, as I doubt whether any big bookmaker, not even Mr. Joe Thompson, would lay such an amount. At the same time, I do think some of our jockeys bet heavily, notwithstanding that by so doing they are infringing the rules of the Jockey Club. A certain band of men thrive on the Turf by working commissions for the jockeys, and these are the individuals who, when caught red-handed, ought to be warned off for life.

Several of the flat-race jockeys have taken to cycling to keep themselves in condition during the winter months. J. Watts and F. Webb have not yet joined the list of wheeling recruits, but they should do so at once, as I promise them that cycling would help them to keep their weight down. As is pretty well known, having to waste is the hardest thing a jockey does. Some of the professionals never vary a pound in weight. I was talking to Charley Wood the other day, and he told me he had only put on one pound since he left off riding in races; but he is in the saddle every day, and he is very abstemious.

It is gratifying to hear that Persimmon is going on well in his preparation for the classic races. If the Prince of Wales has to walk back at the head of the Derby winner of '96, there will be one of the biggest demonstrations ever seen even at Epsom. I should like to see his Royal Highness's colt successful. But, if my information is right, Persimmon cannot beat Regret. I am told that Mr. John Porter thinks Regret one of the best colts he has trained for many a day, and he confidently predicts that the Derby will go to Kingsclere this year.

Many Irish sportsmen think Mr. H. M. Dyas is very likely to win the Grand National. Mr. Dyas has three horses engaged, and the pick of the basket may go very close. Mr. Dyas is a good judge of horses and racing. He was a friend of the late Fred Archer, who, no doubt, gave him some paying advice at times. Mr. Dyas has his jumpers trained privately, over a natural country in Ireland, and it may be taken for granted that his chosen candidate will get the course.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The debate on the Address has not disclosed any weak points on the Government side. Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt made a fine show of indignation about Armenia, but they have no alternative policy. On the subject of Venezuela they do not seem to be quite in accord (a state of things we are used to between Sir William and his young leader in the Lords); for, while Lord Rosebery takes the diplomatic view that we must not weaken our boundary claims in any way, Sir William Harcourt went off in the House of Commons into a long eulogy of arbitration—which means nothing, unless that we must give way to the American demand for arbitration on the Venezuelan lines. I may remark that, however much certain newspapers, like the *Chronicle*, may write about our having already given way on all sorts of points, surrendered the Schomburgk Line, and so on, there is no real foundation for any such belief. It is mere newspaper talk, and very badly informed talk too. Our claim to our British Guiana boundary stands precisely where it did, and the Government has not moved one jot in its attitude on the subject of arbitration.

## MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

The opening of the Session has been remarkable for the good form in which both sides seem to have come back. Lord Salisbury alone, in the House of Lords, looked and spoke as if he were rather done up with his labours in the Recess. Mr. Balfour and his brother Gerald were both in the best of spirits; Mr. Gerald, in particular, had a little Parliamentary success in his speech on Home Rule. Promotion to Cabinet rank has brightened the Irish Secretary up. He used to be rather stodgy and donnish in his speeches; but his manner has vastly improved, and in a few months there will probably be not much to choose between him and his brother, curiously alike as they are, indeed, in other ways. Among the Irish Party, Mr. Dillon put himself to the front by proposing the first Irish amendment to the Address. Mr. Dillon's speech was not a great success. He seemed to feel that he was on his trial for the leadership. But, after all, he is one of the gentlemen in the Irish Party, and he is bound to score off his great rival, Tim Healy, simply on that account. By the way, rather a good story reaches me about Mr. Dillon's recent marriage. When the date of the wedding was still unsettled, a very near relative of the bride advised her to fix it for the day of the Mitchelstown riot, for then her husband wouldn't forget it! Mr. Dillon's unfortunate failure to remember when the Mitchelstown incident occurred led, it may be remembered, to one of the greatest scores which has ever fallen to Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons.

## THE PROGRAMME.

Some superstitious person has discovered that the measures foreshadowed in the Queen's Speech numbered thirteen, and has concluded that the Government, therefore, must be doomed. But as there will be two different measures dealing with the one subject of the relief of agriculture, this superstitious theory falls to the ground. Some of the Bills mentioned are non-contentious, such as Law of Evidence Amendment, a Scottish Public Health Bill, the Light Railways Bill, and perhaps I may include the new measures for Naval Defence under this head. We do not yet know what attitude the Opposition will adopt towards the new Workmen's Compensation for Accidents Bill (which is the other way round for Employers' Liability). They will hardly oppose relief for agriculture; nor the institution of a special Board of Agriculture for Ireland. Then there are a Public Companies Regulation Bill, a Conciliation in Trades Disputes Bill, a Destitute Aliens' Immigration Bill, and a London Water Bill, the provisions of which are at present uncertain. The real fights of the Session are expected to be on the Irish Land Bill and the Bill for the Relief of the Voluntary Schools. But even here the fact is that the fight is no fight with a Government majority standing at over 150. That majority is a guarantee of work. The new programme is not an unfair or aggressive one; but, in proportion to its moderation and practical beneficence, we must not hesitate to see that it is carried through without unnecessary delay. The Bills which the Government thinks most important are, of course, those dealing with Naval Defence. But even this rather long programme does not conclude the work of Ministers. Mr. Chaplin, for instance, has a Horseless Carriage Bill, which will enable the autocar to glide along the London streets at more than four miles an hour, and without a man with a red flag in front! As a London street revolution, I know of no Bill which will make more practical difference in our daily lives than this.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE TRANSVAAL.

Mr. Chamberlain made a tremendous effect by his speech on Thursday night on the Transvaal. He was cheered to the echo when he declared that he would not desert the Uitlanders, in spite of President Krüger's surly reply to his famous despatch. Still, the fact remains that the Colonial Secretary had rubbed the old Boer President's back the wrong way, and things are not so straightforward in the Transvaal as they seemed to be getting. What is most important, however, is that we have definitely shown our sympathy with the Uitlanders, and told Germany that no foreign Power will be allowed to meddle. If Krüger chooses to behave like a Sultan of Turkey, and refuses all just reforms, the consequences will lie on his own head. If evil happen to him, it will not be our business to avert it, and we shall not allow Germany to interfere in the matter.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Parliament has met again, and we are in full flood of one of the most important Sessions of the nineteenth century. Strange to say, the Opposition is not in the mood of crushed despondency which considering what happened in 1895, might be expected of it. It is in excellent, almost in rollicking spirits; its leaders are more united, more sure of themselves and of the future; its rank-and-file, reduced in numbers, is in capital moral trim. Even the Irishmen are drawing together; on Thursday night it happened, for the first time since the split, that the Parnellite and the Anti-Parnellite whips have "told" together. Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon have refrained from flying at each other's throats, and Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt have almost kissed each other. Certain it is that the attitude of the Opposition in the earlier stage of the debate on the Queen's Speech has been full of vigour, and has shown a certain conviction that Liberalism has a great future before it, which was sadly lacking at the time of the General Election. There have been two great features of the Session, as I am able to describe it. The first was the double-barrelled encounter between Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery in the Lords and Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour in the Commons, and the second was Mr. Chamberlain's explanation of his policy in the Transvaal. I never heard Lord Rosebery in better form or Lord Salisbury worse in the Lords. He had been preceded by a very portentous person in Lord Stanmore, who, not to put too fine a point upon it, has proved himself to be a political rat of a quite phenomenal character.

## LORD STANMORE.

Lord Stanmore was the last of the peers made by Mr. Gladstone. He voted in favour of the Home Rule Bill in 1893, and had actually a speech prepared in its favour. Now he has turned round, and was actually chosen by Lord Salisbury to move the Address on behalf of the Tory Government. He made a speech which was dull, egoistic, and without a shadow of interest; on it and him Lord Rosebery pounced with delightful malice, and gave him about as uncomfortable a five minutes as any elderly peer has enjoyed for many a long day. The rest of his speech in its lighter parts was admirable, and the closing argument on the Armenian question, though it showed the weakness in his own case, was a smashing demonstration of the ghastly failure in Armenia.

## THE PREMIER.

Lord Salisbury's reply was, as I said, not happy. He impressed me with the fact that he was not in the best of health. His great form has grown more massive than ever; what his physical weight must be I tremble to think. He spoke with more hesitation than usual, with more difficulty in finding the right words, and he was plainly embarrassed by the consciousness of the Armenian fiasco. Now and then came out a shrewd thrust, a rough, amusing epigram; for the most part it was a laboured and unhappy speech. Not so Sir William Harcourt, in the Commons. His one fault was over-length, but a more masterly, sustained, and resourceful criticism of public affairs is not often delivered. Sir William has been working very hard in the Recess; he has got-up Venezuela, he has got-up the Transvaal, he has got-up Armenia, he has got-up agriculture. The result was that he spoke, especially on the Armenian question, with great knowledge and very great force, and with a certain strength of rhetoric and logic which completely overshadowed Mr. Balfour's embarrassed and not convincing reply. On the whole, the honours of the first day went entirely to the attacking force.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN DEFENCE.

The second great event, as I have said, has been Mr. Chamberlain's defence of himself. It was a strange speech, listened to with rapt attention by both sides. It nominally acquitted Mr. Rhodes, and really condemned him. It described him in words of cool and almost contemptuous patronage, which, if the distinguished object of them had been in the House, would almost have tempted him to take a pot-shot at his critic. It has certainly destroyed the political power of the Chartered Company, and yet it affected to acquit it and Mr. Rhodes of direct complicity with the Jameson raid. The Tories squirmed under a good deal of it, and its whole tone undoubtedly grated on their ears. Mr. Chamberlain knows his power, and used it, and will use it. Mr. Chamberlain stood more alone in the House than probably he imagined, and he did not seem the least bit conscious of the chilliness on his own side. But he made his points, brought out his case, and trampled remorselessly on poor Mr. Rhodes with the air of a conquering hero. Certainly there is no getting over Mr. Chamberlain.

"The Year's Music" is the title of a companion volume which Messrs. Virtue have made to "The Year's Art." It contains a great mass of well-digested information on everything that musicians want to know about, and, doubtless, the editor will strive to make as much improvement as is effected in every issue of its twin, "The Year's Art." Messrs. Virtue might now issue "The Year's Drama" on the same lines.

Few books of reference are so handy and so cheap as the four volumes on the Peerage, the Baronetage, the Knightage, and the House of Commons, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus issue annually at a shilling each. The present is the forty-second year of publication, and the merits of the series are quite maintained.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS AT THE THEATRES.

I am following the progress of the new sleeve behind the footlights with considerable interest, and I am bound to record the fact that the new plays of the week have given it a helping push in its somewhat difficult career—as far, at least, as familiarising us with its aspect.

In the Henley scene at the Avenue, for instance, nearly all the boating-dresses had tight, plain sleeves, relieved by a pinked-out frill or

which will always, I think, have an underlying suggestion of vulgarity about it which we can never quite overlook.

The very idea of coloured laces is, to my thinking, almost repellent; but I daresay that Dame Fashion will make us forget our prejudices if she considers it worth her while to do so.

As for Miss Lottie Collins—for the time being “lady journalist and novelist, member of the Pioneer Club, and follower of all general go-ahead movements”—she interviews a millionaire clad in a startling “up-to-date masher” costume, consisting of a very short black satin skirt, draped up at the left side to reveal a lining of scarlet satin and a glimpse of black satin knickerbockers, while the long-tailed scarlet satin coat outdoes the latest dresses and dispenses with sleeves altogether, the arms being entirely bare save for long black gloves.

Small wonder that the “subject” inquires in wonder whether this is the ordinary costume for lady interviewers.

Miss Lottie's Henley dress, on the other hand, is not startling, but very pretty, the white flannel skirt bordered with five narrow rows of pink satin ribbon, and the blouse-bodice of white accordion-pleated silk, with full bishop's sleeves, finished at neck and waist with touches of pink, while her huge Leghorn hat is bowed down with masses of pink roses. Then, as we started backwards, and the first must in consequence be last, I must tell you that in the first act Miss Lottie Collins wears a strikingly handsome evening-gown of the brightest rose-red silk, the full skirt adorned with an appliqué of écreu lace, which is arranged in front in deep points, tapering off just below the knee, while at the back it merely forms a narrow border. The bodice—plain, and terminating sharply at the waist—is entirely covered with the lace, and has shoulder-straps of satin thickly sewn with silver sequins to match the little turned-down revers in the front and at the back, while the puffed sleeves come far down the arms.

I liked Miss Collins's style of hairdressing immensely—waved back from the forehead, where two or three soft little curls had strayed, and raised in a high puff behind a fillet of flashing diamonds, the loose coils and twists at the back terminating in a little curl which fell on the neck.

Then on Friday “Jedbury Junior” introduced us at Terry's to charming Miss Maude Millett—gowned to perfection, as usual, by Madame Humble—dainty Miss Eva Moore, and Miss Emily Cross, who makes the prettiest and most charming of elderly ladies.



MISS MAUDE MILLETT IN ACT I. OF “JEDBURY JUNIOR.”

a slight drapery at the shoulder; but the result was not altogether attractive, to me, at least.

I was obliged to “The New Barmaid,” however, for the sight of an exceedingly charming little cape, which I am storing up in a reserved compartment of my memory till, in reality, as well as behind the footlights, it can be worn in honour of an early summer-day. It was made in soft grey cloth, and cut in scallops, which were bordered with a fine line of black cord, while it was held out by multitudinous inner frills of white pleated tulle, which just allowed their presence to be discovered from the outside. Then there was a cloudy neck-ruffle of silk-striped white gauze, continued as a bordering to the cross-folds of the cape (which were fastened over at the right side of the waist), and which was all strewn with violet petals.

Worn with a grey cloth gown, and a grey hat trimmed with white satin and violets, the effect was excellent; but I can imagine it looking equally fascinating in violet cloth, with inner frills of alternate yellow and violet chiffon, and ruffings of violet chiffon over yellow, strewn still with the violet petals. And this would have the additional merit of durability, for the woman who dares to invite London's smuts and dust to a feast of white chiffon or gauze is brave (or foolhardy) indeed, and is likely to be punished on her first offence.

This same owner of the grey cape eventually wore, in the second act, a distinctly pretty gown, with a skirt of white silk and a bodice of yellow satin covered with lace, and bearing up under the burden of entirely plain sleeves, whose modest simplicity was atoned for by the aggressively high collar, which was cut in a series of points edged with a ruffling of lace and enframed the neck in the stiffest of bondage. The white hat, with its trimming of buttercups and kingcups, was made notable by the presence of the new coloured lace—yellow in this case—



MISS MILLETT IN ACT II. OF “JEDBURY JUNIOR.”



Miss Millett, as "The Grey Dove" of the first act, bears out her name by wearing a delightful gown of tender dove-grey cloth, the coat-bodice cut, in very effective fashion, with pointed revers, and short, full basques, which terminate in front in somewhat longer points. There is a vest of white satin, striped across with lines of steel sequins, and giving place to a narrow inner vest of mellow-tinted lace, while both disappear eventually beneath a deep band of glittering silver sequins. At the neck there is a foamy cravat-bow of white chiffon over pale mauve, and this same airy combination of delicate colours and fabrics is arranged on the grey felt hat, with its soft bordering of grey feather-trimming, and its further adornment of steel buckles, a white osprey, and grey and white ostrich plumes.

In the second act, subdued colouring gives place to a rose-pink satin ball-gown, which is absolutely unique in design, its skirt adorned with lines of softly ruffled white chiffon, which draw together at the foot to form a series of points, each one of which is finished with a careless bunch of tiny Banksia roses—delicate pink and white—while from the satin beneath you catch a gleam of silver embroidery. The bodice is veiled with pink chiffon over white, softly ruched round the *décolletage*, and in the front forming a slight pouch, though the side-pieces of the bodice, which merge into a deep waistband, are of embroidered lisse sewn with silver paillettes. And then come the sleeves, which are inspirations worthy of their maker.

They are composed of two bow-like arrangements of the satin, edged with white chiffon ruching, which, in its airy softness, gives almost the impression of feather-trimming, and are caught together in the centre with little paste buckles, while there are more roses on the bodice, clustering between the chiffon ruches of the *décolletage*. It is such a lovely dress—so eminently girlish, and, withal, so smart—that it will, I venture to assert, haunt the memory of every feminine beholder, till the possession of a faithful duplicate brings peace of mind once more.

The last dress is a very simple affair of soft white silk with a spot pattern, the skirt plain, and the bodice shirred slightly at the back into a central seam, while in front it is draped across from right to left with a scarf of lace, which is fastened at the waist with a cluster of red roses. The sleeves boast of two frill-like puffs at the extreme top, beneath which comes unrelieved tightness, with just a touch of lace at the wrist.

Miss Eva Moore's first dress is also her smartest—dark-green cloth, with a little zouave bodice disclosing a deep waistband of mauve glacé silk and a waistcoat of white satin, embroidered with gold, while there are double revers, one of silk and one of cloth. Her pretty face is crowned by a black velvet hat, trimmed with mauve glacé and clusters of violets, white and purple, from which a white osprey rises triumphantly.

Her ball-gown is an excellent example, too, of smart simplicity, which anyone with a good figure and a good dressmaker will do well to imitate. White satin as to fabric, and Princess as to shape, it has for sole trimming two butterfly bows of accordion-pleated chiffon, one placed right across the corsage both at the back and in the front, while beneath them come two straps of the satin, fastened at the waist with diamond buttons and relieving the somewhat trying simplicity, the same good cause being also forwarded by the soft frills of pleated chiffon which do duty as sleeves.

There is one old-rose cloth gown, worn in the first act by Miss Elsie Chester, which has a Louis coat-bodice, gorgeous with diamond buttons and under-revers of white glacé silk striped with rose-pink, and with the always-becoming lace cravat at the neck, where the sleeves positively made me shudder, for they were faithful copies of the tight sheaths of several years ago, with nothing to tone down or extenuate their uncompromising espousal of the new cause—it is really painful, I assure you, and they look strangely out of place with the smartness of the rest of the dress—but we shall all arrive at this same undesirable goal sooner or later, I expect.

As to Miss Cross, she made, as I said before, the sweetest and smartest of middle-aged matrons, with a marriageable son and daughter, and I advise all those who, in their secret hearts, are compelled to own to forty-five, to study her gowns carefully, and follow them faithfully, for they are delightfully smart, without aping the youthfulness which has departed for ever and a day.

Her evening-dress is particularly desirable and effective, so let me try to bring it before your mental vision.

The full, slightly trained skirt of grey satin, brocaded with a ribbon design in a paler and more silvery shade, opens in front over a petticoat of grey satin veiled with net, which is one glittering mass of green sequins, while at the sides a cascade of beautiful old lace terminates with a cluster of green ostrich feathers. The bodice, with its short, full basque at the back, is draped with lace, and softened with cloudy folds of white chiffon, while over revers of green velvet fall shoulder-capes of lace, the sleeves themselves consisting of puffings of chiffon sewn with green paillettes, while glittering chains of green and gold cover the arms from elbow to wrist, where they are caught into a bracelet-band to match. There are feathers on the left shoulder, and an osprey and one tiny tip in the hair, and, altogether, the effect is so fascinating that one is moved to wonder how the husband of this dainty lady could possibly continue his distinctly amusing, but rather trying, habit of carrying on all conversation with his wife through the medium of a discreet butler.

However, that mystery is not for us to solve—the dresses, not the man or the woman, concern us at the moment; and now, their tale being told, I am at liberty to transfer my attention—and yours, if you will allow me—to a dainty little book bearing the attractive title of "Hints for the Boudoir," and containing a full list of those invaluable aids to the toilet which have made the name of Hinde famous throughout the world, and beloved by all women.

I never before quite realised how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to this firm's ingenuity, though singly and at various times I have blessed the hair-curlers, which induce the straightest of locks to take upon themselves a fascinating curl in a few moments; the "Pyr" pointed hairpins, which never under any circumstances make their presence felt by sticking aggressively into your head, just where the most elaborate coils prevent their extraction, and which are the only ones in which Sarah Bernhardt "dares to sleep"; the wavers, the *onduleurs*, the instantaneous water-wavers, and the "Crispa Water" waving fluid, &c. &c., and still &c.; but when they are all brought before you at once, you realise what the inventors have really done for us, and marvel, the next step being to promptly detect any omission in the list as far as our own toilet-table is concerned, and remedy it at once.

Truly, Nature unaided by art would be distinctly unsatisfactory, what say you?

FLORENCE.

## A NEW AUSTRALIAN WRITER.

Miss Ethel Turner is, perhaps, the youngest living successful author. Though she is little more than a girl, she achieved an unqualified success with her delightful story of child-life, "Seven Little Australians." The book has created quite a *furor* in Australia, and has won in England



the warm admiration of several distinguished men and women of letters. She has spent most of her life in Australia, but was born in England, which she left with her family when she was very young. In 1883 she won a scholarship at the Girls' High School of Sydney, and was to have gone to the University, but gave up her 'Varsity career in order that she might start a magazine, the *Parthenon*, which ran for three years, and, contrary to expectation and precedent, proved a financial success. Miss Turner began to contribute to the *Sydney Bulletin*, the *Town and County Journal*, and other Australian periodicals, while she was in her teens. Her "Seven Little Australians" was written in 1893, and came first under the eye of Mr. W. Steel, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden's Australian representative, who at once recognised its merit. Since then, Miss Turner has written "The Family at Misrule" and "The Story of a Baby," both of which have been successful. Among her warmest admirers are Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in England, and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton in America.

## COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.) Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Feb. 19, 1896.

Signature.....



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 24.*

## THE HOME RAILWAY MEETINGS.

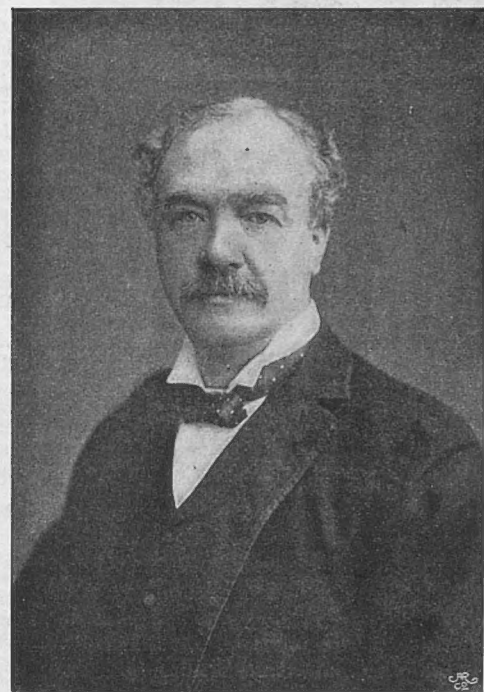
Harmony has ruled almost unbroken at the half-yearly meetings of the English Railways, for the shareholders were happy in the knowledge that they were getting a better dividend than for the corresponding period of last year, while looking forward with considerable confidence to still better results for the current six months.

The only thing that could very well have marred the peace of the shareholders' gatherings this time would have been proposals by the Boards to raise heavy sums of fresh capital and plunge into extravagant outlays. But the various groups of directors have successfully resisted the temptation to pass round the hat the moment that trade began to look well again. Of course, a certain routine amount of new stock will be sold during the current six months, but nothing that need affect the market much. The Great Northern is one of the greatest sinners in this respect, but even that company has not asked the sanction of its shareholders to the creation of new stock on the present occasion, being content with the capital already sanctioned and unissued.

It is mainly due to the competition of the Sheffield Extension to London that the Great Northern finds it necessary to spend so much as £550,000 this half-year, for, although the new trunk-line to the Metropolis will not be ready for two years—if then—yet it would never do to wait until it is open for traffic. At present the Great Northern and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln work together at Manchester, and share expenses, because they are not rivals; but when the new line is complete, there will be very keen rivalry indeed, and the one cannot expect any accommodation from the other. Accordingly, the

Great Northern is to erect a goods station of its own, at a cost of at least £100,000. This expenditure ought to prove remunerative, however, for there is a big trade between Manchester and London; but whether it is sufficiently extensive to be worth dividing between the two competing lines may be doubted. Therefore, it is essential that the Great Northern, which it is attempted to drive from the field, should make a strong bid for patronage.

How important it is nowadays for a railway to spend not a penny that will prove unremunerative may be seen from a remark made by Mr. W. L. Jackson, M.P., the Great Northern chairman. Within ten years, he said, the gross



MR. W. L. JACKSON, M.P.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

receipts of the company had gone up £800,000, while working expenses had simultaneously risen £650,000, so that the net gain to the company out of all this extra traffic was only £150,000. Now, during those ten years the Great Northern has been spending its capital in the most lavish way, every year seeing a heavy increment to the amount on which dividends have to be paid; and this £150,000 thereby secured spreads very thinly over the increased mass of stock and additional fixed charges.

We have faith, however, in the advisability of free spending by a railway, if the money be applied with ordinary prudence. The Great Eastern is a case in point. It started enormously expensive alterations at Liverpool Street Station, and every half-year there was dire grumbling at the huge sums being spent by the company to provide accommodation for traffic that did not seem to arrive in a corresponding degree. But the directors stood to their guns, and what is the result? Last half-year, when business showed the first symptoms of improvement throughout the country, it was the Great Eastern that declared the best dividend of all, relatively speaking. We hope that the Great Northern, with its new station at Manchester, will have a similar experience.

But, if the latter company's expenditure of £100,000 on a Manchester goods station be a commendable thing, what shall be said of the Great Western's payment of the same sum for the hotel and refreshment-bar at Swindon? That place can hardly be described as a centre of trade, and it is not even probable that the Swindon consumption of sandwiches and buns will be so extraordinary as to make the refreshment-rooms a fount of wealth. But we suppose the bargain had got to be made, for the old arrangement was a particularly exasperating one. Parliament makes some curious stipulations in its dealings with Railway matters, and in this case every train was bound to stop for ten minutes at Swindon. This delay, which, as the chairman explained at the

meeting, mounted up to a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in all, was productive every year of more than £100,000 worth of profanity; and, therefore, it is difficult to quarrel with the directors' action in buying up the lease, and thus avoiding the necessity for the stoppages.

The past half-year has proved so surprisingly good for the Railways that there has been very little desire to criticise unfavourably any of the reports, although there have again been ominous grumbings at the steady growth of that cruel item, "Rates and Taxes," for which the companies cannot be held responsible; and if the current half-year prove as good as appearances at present indicate, there will be gladness and rejoicing at the next half-yearly meetings. On this point, the various chairmen have been decidedly encouraging, although naturally cautious in their utterances. Mr. Jackson's words may be taken as a fair summary of the general opinion of the railway magnates: "The improvement of trade, although not great, is, I think, somewhat more general, and, so far as we can judge, we may reasonably look forward to a continuous improvement during the year on which we have entered."

## RHODES AND RHODESIA.

The market does not know what to make of the political situation in connection with Transvaal affairs, but certainly does not like it. Even the insiders cannot guess what a day or an hour may bring forth, and the man in the street is at his wits' end. A fortnight ago all were agreed that it would be many months before there was a renewal of activity in South African shares. Then there came Mr. Rhodes' flying visit to London, and his mysterious departure; while, almost concurrently, it was announced that President Krüger was coming here on a visit to confer with Mr. Chamberlain. All this looked very pretty indeed. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the most capable man to develop the resources of Rhodesia; and there was little reason to doubt that, given the opportunity of personal *pourparlers* between the Transvaal President and the Colonial Secretary, a satisfactory arrangement could be arrived at. Chartered shares were rushed up to 5½, and everything looked rosy.

Then the market was upset by President Krüger taking offence, or professing to do so, because Mr. Chamberlain suggested to him, through Sir Hercules Robinson, that he should grant Home Rule to the Rand. Whatever the merits of such a proposal may be, it did not commend itself to the market, nor, as it appears, to the Uitlanders. Certainly not to Oom Paul, whose snub to our Colonial Secretary undid all the good effect of what had before transpired. All that is matter of fact, and not of opinion.

Whatever doubtful elements there may be in the general situation, it is satisfactory to have at last definite information as to the provisional arrangements for the future conduct of the affairs of the British South Africa Company. They are deprived of the control of the quasi-military forces, and are to be henceforth merely a trading corporation possessing mining and surface rights over a vast territory. If from those rights there is money to be made, that prospect will not be diminished by taking away the opportunity of filibustering raids into other people's territory.

As regards the Rand, and the other mining districts in the South African Republic, their auriferous value was clearly demonstrated long ago. The "life" of individual mines has been calculated to a year or so, on a scientific basis. What has to be considered is whether the Uitlanders will be allowed to develop the proved richness of the gold-fields without being left subject to grievances which may at any moment lead to a civil war. As to that, prophecy would be futile. In Rhodesia the problem is totally different. There the question is not whether the resources of the country can be peacefully developed, but whether there are such resources to make capital expenditure remunerative. Enemies of the Chartered Company say "No"; its shareholders and their friends and believers say "Yes." What the latter have got to do is to give reason for the faith that is in them, and Mr. Chamberlain endorses the market opinion that that is what Mr. Rhodes is going to try to do.

Deducting vendors' shares and similar interests, which do not represent actual cash expended or awaiting expenditure, we do not think it can be assumed that there is more than four and a-half to five million pounds sunk in enterprises formed for the development of Rhodesia. That is an expert valuation (excluding, of course, the capital of the Chartered Company itself). What has hindered experiment on a larger scale hitherto has been the absence of transport facilities, the consequent expenditure of time in reaching the centres of the prospective mining industry, and the prohibitive cost of machinery and other imports before they reach those centres. When this is remedied, Rhodesia will have a fair chance. There may or may not be gold in payable quantities; and if not, the surface-rights, at a very low valuation, would make the territory a valuable one. But, first and foremost, the Chartered Company must provide the means of getting immigrants to the places where the money is to be made, and for these immigrants obtaining the necessities of civilised life at the cost of something less than their weight in gold.

To this necessity the directors of the Company appear to be awaking. The awakening, it is true, is somewhat tardy; but, better late than never. They might have been better employed in the past than they have been; but now they seem to have taken up the railway question in earnest, and there seems a great deal of common sense in Mr. Chamberlain's implied suggestion that Mr. Cecil Rhodes should be given the chance of making Rhodesia a credit to its godfather.

## AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The following is an extract from the letter of an African millionaire to a country friend of his. We give it for what it is worth, only adding



that the person to whom it was written wanted an investment and not a speculation—

Provided that my deductions are right, and that we may take it that European politics will not interfere with our calculations, I think you may safely put a little money into African ventures. As an investment, I would recommend Goldfields Preference shares Six per Cent., which stand at about 24s. (20s. being par value). As a speculative investment, with the most excellent chances of very good dividends in the future, and greatly enhanced value of the shares, I would mention Rand Mines. Good dividend-paying gold shares are Heriots, Robinsons, and Ferreiras.

#### WEST AUSTRALIAN MINES.

The disquieting rumours and telegrams from the Transvaal have had a prejudicial effect on all mines, and things West Australian have been very dull during the last day or so.

The accounts which continue to come to hand from all the principal centres are very satisfactory, and private letters even more so, so that we feel satisfied that our readers may rest upon the shares they hold, on our advice, without undue anxiety.

The development of a new industry in any country is always a long and tedious process, and the months required to develop a mine, erect machinery, and bring matters into a dividend-paying condition in any event seem very long; but when, in addition, shareholders have to wait for the building of a railway to carry their machinery to the mine, the



SUCCESSFUL PROSPECTORS IN WEST AUSTRALIA: A BIG FIND.

By kind permission of Mr. H. S. Stoneham.

trouble becomes intensified. The present is, however, not a bad chance of buying the best West Australian concerns, like Hannan's Proprietary, Corsair Consolidated, Paddington Consols, and the host of other really splendid mining properties which we have, from time to time, recommended until we feel almost ashamed of repeating the familiar names, lest we be accused of interested motives. We beg our readers to believe that if we mention one mine this week and another next, it is not because we have lost faith in the first, but rather in order to give those who are good enough to follow our advice a chance of averaging and distributing their risks.

As we sat quietly in our den on Friday, we were rudely disturbed by the intrusion of a well-known City gentleman, whose first observation was, "Have you got a shirt?" We explained that we still had a ragged one. "Well, pawn it, and put the money into Hannan's Brown Hill; that is what all the crowd connected with it are doing," was the reply; and further inquiry in other directions confirms the truth of the last statement.

#### "THE STOCK EXCHANGE YEAR-BOOK."

Year by year this invaluable volume becomes thicker and thicker, better compiled, and more accurate. For those who desire to have a handy book of reference from which to obtain the details of any company which their friends or their brokers recommend to them, we can honestly say Mr. Thomas Skinner's publication for 1896 is an absolute necessity.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 1896.

THE BRITISH AUSTRALIAN MINES AGENCY, LIMITED, with a capital of £50,000, appears to be inviting subscriptions for 20,000 shares at par. However, we advise our friends to keep their money in their pockets, for is not the office very near the place which Mr. E. Lambert has made his headquarters? and, somehow, we don't like this gentleman's promotions.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

IMPECUNIOUS.—The Stock Exchange knows nothing of the shares, but the prospectus reads well, and the right sort of people are on the board. We really can say no more. Send us a stamped and directed envelope if you wish us to return your document.

PEEK-WINCH.—The company is, we find, doing very well, and the issue of the circular does not mean that the vendors are clearing out. We have seen people intimately connected with the business, who tell us that a few shares were offered to customers at par, and that some of these must have fallen into the hands of the person issuing the circular. We will return the document if you send stamped and directed envelope. Hold your prefs.

FELIX.—On inquiry we find you may safely deal with either firm you mention.

W. H. B.—We can find out nothing important about the mine.

T. J. MacC.—We would not have anything to do with the Insurance Company you mention. These Natural premiums are all very well, but there is no certainty that you will not have to pay more as you get older. We do not look on it as insurance in any sense.

J. P. L.—The book on Western Australian Mines which you want is "Stoneham's Handbook," price 4s.

C. H. C.—You do not say whether you want a gamble or an investment. If the former, buy a few Beeson Tyre Company's shares at 4s., and some Kathleen's (Mine) at 3s. But for speculative investment we think Linotype shares, Santa Fé and Reconquista Railway debentures, or Corsair Consolidated Mining shares would suit you. We never send private answers except as set out in Rule 5.

EATON.—We don't like the concern you ask about. Burbank's Birthday Gift, Hannan's Proprietary, Hannan's Oroya, or Maritana, would all suit you.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.—We violated our rules and wrote to you.

W. S. K.—Your letter was answered on Feb. 13.

REX.—You are entitled to the dividend, and if the bank claim this through the broker you will get it. See your local manager. Of course, buying through the bank's broker, you often have to pay the top price, for these big people do not cut things so fine as ordinary mortals. We will send you the name and address of a reliable firm who will do your business at the closest price if you will comply with Rule 5.

SWINDLED.—Your *nom-de-guerre* expresses the position exactly. We think we could mention the name of the outside brokers who put you into the concern if we cared to. They live in one of the streets leading out of Moorgate Street, we fancy. The concern is grossly over-capitalised, and we doubt if the ordinary shares are worth much more than the paper they are printed on. You may as well hold on as give them away, but look on it as a bad debt.

SMALL MEANS.—The concern you name is improperly called a bank. It is a money-lending affair, which deals in bills of sale and suchlike things. We would not trust it with a shilling of our own money. You might buy Pullman preference shares, or Home and Colonial Stores 6 per cent. pref.,

or Humber 6 per cent. pref., all of which are reasonably safe industrial concerns with a fixed rate of dividend.

NEOPHYTE.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes. The Ordinary Stock cannot become a trustee investment. (3) See answer to "Small Means." New York Brewery debentures, Bovril, Humber ordinary, or Linotype, would all suit you. (4) Yes, very good indeed, also the ordinary shares and debentures.

TOWANS.—(1) We think you had better have nothing to do with this precious West African affair. If you can find anyone to give you anything for your shares, take what you can get. Both the other concerns are on a par with the first, in our opinion.

CYMRO.—Not a bad speculation. The seller probably got  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , the difference between this and the price you paid being the "jobber's turn." We can't find space to give you a full account of what this means, but ask your broker. We are obliged for your advice, and when we deal with things not quoted in the financial papers every day, we will remember it. The price of your shares now is about  $1\frac{1}{8}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$ .

R.C.—It is very hard, in "Answers to Correspondents," to find room for what you want. All respectable bankers require an introduction, by letter or personally, from a customer who knows you, or from your country bank. If you keep an "active" account, you will be charged nothing, and, as to balance, an overdraft, on good security, is more profitable than a credit balance. If you merely pay in money to current account and draw cheques, you will probably be charged a small sum if the balance is, on an average, below £100.

SENATUS.—(1) We do not expect the battery will be up for four or five months yet. How can crushings be overdue before the machinery is erected? (2) Short of a great discovery, we do not expect a big rise until crushings begin. (3) At the end of the year. (4) If you have a profit, sell half, and hold the other half for results; otherwise, hold all.

J. E. W.—We are not sure of your initials, for your signature is very hard to read. We are not sweet on Violets. The capital is large and the ore poor. In our opinion there are many better speculations.

OVERTON.—You had better consult a solicitor, for your question is quite out of our line. We will send you the name of a reliable man if you wish, but should imagine your family lawyer would be the proper person to advise you.

H. W. K. E.—We answered your letter on Feb. 14.